The Silent Woman. *Lud. Du Guernier inv. et f.*

EPICOENE:

OR, THE SILENT WOMAN.

A COMEDY,

First Acted in the YEAR 1609.

by the KING'S MAJESTY'S Servants.

WITH THE

Allowance of the Master of Revels.

The Author BEN. JOHNSON.

Ut sis tu similis Cœli, Byrrhique latronum,
Non ego sim Capri, neque Sulci: Cur metuas me?
HORAT.

LONDON:

Printed for *D. Midwinter, J.* and *P. Knapton, H. Knapton, A. Ward, A. Bettesworth* and *C. Hitch, B. Lintot, J.* and *R. Tonson, W. Innys, T. Longman, R. Robinson, T. Wotton, S. Birt, B. Motte, C. Corbet,* and *G. Conyers.*

M DCC XXXIX.

PROLOGUE.

Truth says, of Old, the Art of making Plays,
Was to content the People; and their Praise
Was to the Poet Money, Wine, and Bays.
But in this Age, a Sect of Writers are,
That, only, for particular Likings care,
And will Taste nothing that is Popular.
With such we mingle neither Brains nor Breasts;
Our Wishes, like to those make Publick Feasts,
Are not to please the Cooks Taste, but the Guests.
Yet, if those cunning Palates hither come
They shall find Guests Entreaty, and good Room;
And though all Relish not, sure there will be some,
That, when they leave their Seats, shall make 'em say,
Who wrote that Piece, could so have wrote a Play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to present all Custard, or all Tart,
And have no other Meats to bear a part,
Or want to Bread, and Salt, were but course Art.
The Poet prays you then, with better Thought
To sit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet, there will dear bought,
Be fit for Ladies: Some for Lords, Knights, 'Squires;
Some for your Waiting-Wench, and City Wires;
Some for your Men, and Daughters, of White-Friers.
Nor is it, only, while you keep your Seat
Here, that his Feast will last; but you shall eat
A Week at Ordinaries, on his broken Meat:
If his Muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

ANOTHER.

The Ends of all, who for the Scene do Write,
Are, or should be, to Profit and Delight.
And still't hath been the Praise of all best Times,
So Persons were not touch'd, to tax the Crimes.
Then, in this Play, which we present to Night,
And make the Object of your Ear and Sight,

PROLOGUE.

On forfeit of your ſelves, think nothing True:
Leſt ſo you make the Maker to judge you;
For he knows, Poet never Credit gain'd
By writing Truths, but Things (like Truths) wellfain
If any yet will (with particular Slight
Of Application) wreſt what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will ſay:
They make a Libel, which he made a Play.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Moroſe, *a Gentleman that loves not Noiſe.*
Daup Eugene, *a Knight, his Nephew.*
Clerimont, *a Gentleman, his Friend.*
True-wit, *another Friend.*
Epicœne, *A Young Gentlewoman, ſuppos'd the Sile*
Woman.
Joh. Daw, *A Knight, her Servant.*
Amorous La-Foole, *A Knight alſo.*
Thom. Otter, *A Land and Sea Captain.*
Cutberd, *a Barber,*
Mute, *One of* Moroſe *his Servants.*
Mad. Haughty, } *Ladies Collegiate.*
Mad. Centaure, }
Mad. Mavis, }
Mrs. Mavis, *the Lady* Haughties *Woman.*
Mrs. Otter, *the Captain's Wife.*
Pretenders, Perſons, Pages, Servants.

The SCENE, *LONDON.*

The Principal COMEDIANS were,

NAT. FIELD.	*WILL. BARKSTED*
GIL. CARIE.	*WILL. PEN.*
HUG. ATTAWEL.	*RICH. ALLIN.*
JOHN SMITH.	*JOH. BLANEY.*

EPI

EPICOENE:

OR, THE

SILENT WOMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Clerimont, Boy, True-wit.

HA' you got the Song yet perfect, I ga' you, Boy?

[*He comes out making himself ready.*

Boy. Yes, Sir,

Cle. Let me hear it.

Boy. You ſhall, Sir; but i' faith let no Body elſe.

Cle. Why, I pray?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous Name of a Poet in Town, Sir: beſides, me a perfect deal of Ill-will at the Manſion you wot of, whoſe Lady is the Argument of it, where now I am the welcomeſt Thing under a Man that comes there.

Cle. I think, and above a Man too, if the Truth were rackt out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confeſs before, Sir. The Gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the Bed; and carry me in to my Lady, and ſhe kiſſes me with her Oil'd Face; and puts a Peruke o' my Head; and asks

me an' I will wear her Gown? And I ſay, No: A[n] then ſhe hits me a Blow o' the Ear, and calls me I[n]nocent and lets me go.

Cle. No marvel, if the Door be kept ſhut againſt yo[u] Maſter when the Entrance is ſo eaſie to you —— wel[l] Sir, you ſhall go there no more, leſt I be fain to ſee[k] your Voice in my Lady's Ruſhes, a Fortnight hence[.] Sing, Sir. [*Boy Sings.*

Tru. Why, here's the Man that can melt away hi[s] Time, and never feels it! What between his Miſtreſ[s] Abroad, and his Engle at Home, high Fare, ſoft Lodg[-]ing, fine Cloaths, and his Fiddle; he thinks the Hour[s] ha' no Wings, or the Day no Poſt-horſe. Well, Sir Gallant, were you ſtruck with the Plague this Minute, or condemn'd to any capital Puniſhment to-morrow, you would begin then to think, and value every Particle o' your Time, eſteem it at the true rate, and give all for't.

Cle. Why, what ſhould a Man do?

Tru. Why, Nothing: Or, that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next Horſe-Race, or Hunting-Match: Lay Wagers, Praiſe Puppy, or Pepper-corn, White-foot, Franklin; Swear upon White-mains Party; ſpeak aloud, that my Lords may hear you; Viſit my Ladies at Night, and be able to give 'em the Character of every Bowler or Better o' the Green. Theſe be the Things, wherein your faſhionable Men Exerciſe themſelves, and I for Company.

Cle. Nay, if I have thy Authority, I'll not leave yet. Come, the other are Conſiderations, when we come to have grey Heads, and weak Hams, moiſt Eyes, and ſhrunk Members. We'll think on 'em then; then we'll Pray and Faſt.

Tru. I, and deſtine only that time of Age to Goodneſs, which our want of Ability will not let us employ in Evil?

Cle. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes, as if a Man ſhould Sleep all the Term, and think to effect his Buſineſs the laſt Day: O, *Cle-*

rimont

riment, this time, becauſe it is an incorporeal Thing, and not ſubject to Senſe, we mock our ſelves the fineſt out of it, with Vanity and Miſery indeed: Not ſeeking an end of Wretchedneſs, but only changing the Matter ſtill.

Cle. Nay, thou'l not leave no ——

Tru. See but our common Diſeaſe! with what Juſtice can we complain, that great Men will not look upon us, nor be at leiſure to give our Affairs ſuch Diſpatch, as we expect, when we will never do it to our ſelves: Not Hear, nor Regard our ſelves.

Cle. Foh, thou haſt read *Plutarch*'s Morals, now, or ſome ſuch tedious Fellow; and it ſhows ſo vilely with thee: 'Fore God, 'twill ſpoil thy Wit utterly. Talk me of Pins, and Feathers. and Ladies, and Ruſhes, and ſuch Things: And leave this *Stoicitie* alone, 'till thou mak'ſt Sermons.

Tru. Well, Sir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to looſe as little of my Kindneſs, as I can. I'll do Good to no Man againſt his Will, certainly. When were you at the College?

Cle. What College?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cle. No faith, I came but from Court Yeſterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, the News? A new Foundation, Sir, here i' the Town, of Ladies that call themſelves the Collegiates, an order between Courtiers and Country-Madams, that live from their Husbands; and give Entertainment to all the Wits, and Braveries o' the time, as they call 'em: Cry down, or up, what they like, or diſlike in a Brain or a Faſhion, with moſt *Maſculine*, or rather *Hermaphroditical* Authority; and every Day gain to their Colledge ſome new Probationer.

Cle. Who is the Preſident?

Tru. The grave and youthful Matron, the Lady *Haughty*.

Cle. A Pox of her autumnal Face, her piec'd Beauty: There's no Man can be admitted till ſhe be ready,

now-a-days, till she has Painted, and Perfum'd, and Washt, and Scour'd, but the Boy here; and him she wipes her Oil'd Lips upon, like a Sponge. I have made a Song, I pr'y thee hear it, o' the Subject.

SONG.

Still to be Neat, still to be Dreſt,
As you were going to a Feaſt;
Still to be Powder'd, ſtill Perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be Preſum'd,
Though Arts hid Cauſes are not found,
All is not Sweet, all is not Sound.

Give me a Look, give me a Face,
That makes Simplicity a Grace;
Robes looſely Flowing, Hair as Free:
Such ſweet Neglect more taketh me,
Then all th' Adulteries of Art;
They ſtrike mine Eyes, but not my Heart.

Tru. And I am clearly o' the other ſide: I love a good Dreſſing before any Beauty o' the World. O, a Woman is then like a delicate Garden; nor is there one kind of it; ſhe may vary every hour; take often counſel of her Glaſs, and chuſe the beſt. If ſhe have good Ears, ſhow 'em; good Hair, lay it out; good Legs, wear ſhort Cloathes: a good Hand, diſcover it often; practiſe any Art to mend Breath, cleanſe Teeth, repair Eye-brows, Paint, and Profeſs it.

Cle. How? Publickly?

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner: That muſt be private. Many things, that ſeem foul i' the doing, do pleaſe, done. A Lady ſhould, indeed, ſtudy her Face, when we think ſhe Sleeps; Nor when the Doors are ſhut, ſhould Men be inquiring; all is Sacred within, then. Is it for us to ſee their Perukes put on, their falſe Teeth, their Complexion, their Eye-brows, their Nails? you ſee Guilders will not work, but inclos'd.

They

They must not discover, how little serves, with the help of Art, to Adorn a great deal. How long did the Canvas hang afore *Aldgate?* Were the People suffer'd to see the Cities Love and Charity, while they were rude Stone, before they were Painted and Burnish'd? No: No more should Servants approach their Mistresses but when they are compleat, and finish'd.

Cle. Well said, my *True-wit.*

Tru. And a wise Lady will keep a Guard always upon the Place, that she may do things Securely. I once followed a rude Fellow into a Chamber where the poor Madam, for haste, and troubled, snatched at her Peruke, to cover her Baldness: And put it on the wrong way.

Cle. O Prodigie!

Tru. And the unconscionable Knave held her in Compliment an Hour with that reverst Face, when I still look'd when she should Talk from the t'other side.

Cle. Why? Thou should'st ha' reliev'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this Argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you *Dauphine Eugene?*

Cle. Not these three Days. Shall we go to him this Morning? He is very Melancholick, I hear.

Tru. Sick o' the Uncle? Is he? I met that stiff Piece of Formality, his Uncle, yesterday, with a huge Turbant of Night-caps on his Head, buckled over his Ears.

Cle. O, that's his Custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no Noise, Man.

Tru. So I have heard. But is the Disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They say he has been upon divers Treaties with the Fish-wives, and Orange-women; and Articles propounded between them: Marry, the Chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cle. No, nor the Broom-men: They stand out stifly. He cannot endure a Costard-monger, he Swoons if he hear one.

Tru. Methinks a Smith should be ominous.

Cle.

f *Cle.* Or any Hammer-man. A Brasier is not suf-er'd to dwell in the Parish, nor an Armorer. He would have hang'd a Pewterer's 'Prentice once on a *Shrove-Tuesday*'s Riot, for being o' that Trade, when the rest were quiet.

Tru. A Trumpet would fright him terribly, or the Hau'boys.

Cle. Out of his Senses. The Waights of the City have a Pension of him not to come near that Ward. This Youth practis'd on him one Night like the Bell-man; and never left till he had brought him down to the Door, with a long Sword: And there left him flourishing with the Air.

Boy. Why, Sir? He hath chosen a Street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no Coaches, nor Carts, nor any of these common Noises: And therefore, we that love him, devise to bring him such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to Breathe him. He would grow Resty else in his Ease: His Vertue would Rust without Action. I intreated a Bareward, one Day to come down with the Dogs of some four Parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his Games under Master *Morose*'s Window: Till he was sent crying away, with his Head made a most bleeding Spectacle to the Multitude. And, another time, a Fencer, going to his Prize, had his Drum most Tragically run through, for taking that Street in his way, at my request.

Tru. A good Wag. How does he for the Bells?

Cle. O, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of Town every *Saturday* at ten a Clock, or on Holy-day Eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a Room, with double Walls, and treble Cielings; the Windows close shut and chalk'd: and there he lives by Candle-light. He turn'd away a Man, last Week, for having a Pair of new Shooes that creak'd. And this Fellow waits on him now in Tennis-court Socks, or Slippers

pers ſoald with Wool: and they talk to each other in a Trunk. See, who comes here.

SCENE II.

Dauphine, True-wit, Clerimont.

Dau. How now! what ail you Sirs? dumb?

Tru. Struck into Stone, almoſt, I am here, with Tales o' thine Uncle! There was never ſuch a Prodigy heard of.

Dau. I would you would once loſe this Subject, my Maſters, for my ſake. They are ſuch as you are, that have brought me into that Predicament I am with him.

Tru. How is that?

Dau. Marry, that he will diſinherit me. No more. He thinks, I, and my Company are Authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Mon'ments are told of him.

Tru. 'Slid, I would be the Author of more to vex him; that Purpoſe deſerves it: it gives the Law of plagueing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a falſe Almanack, get it printed: and then ha' him drawn out on a Coronation Day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noiſe of the Ordnance. Diſinherit thee! he cannot, Man. Art not thou next of Blood, and his Siſter's Son.

Dau. I, but he will thruſt me out of it, he vows, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a mere portent. Can he endure no noiſe, and will venture on a Wife?

Cle. Yes, why, thou art a Stranger, it ſeems, to his beſt trick, yet. He has imploy'd a Fellow this half year, all over *England*, to hearken him out a dumb Woman; be ſhe of any Form, or any Quality, ſo ſhe be able to bear Children: her ſilence is Dowry enough, he ſays.

Tru. But I truſt to God he has found none.

Cle. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next Street to him, who is exceedingly ſoft ſpoken; thrifty

thrifty of her Speech; that ſpends but ſix Words a day. And her he's about now, and ſhall have her.

Tru. Is't poſſible! who is his Agent i' the buſineſs?

Cle. Marry a Barber; an honeſt Fellow, one that tells *Dauphine* all here.

Tru. Why you oppreſs me with wonder! A Woman, and a Barber, and love no noiſe!

Cle. Yes faith. The Fellow trims him ſilently, and has not the knack with his Sheers or his Fingers: and that Continency in a Barber he thinks ſo eminent a Vertue, as it has made him chief of his Counſel.

Tru. Is the Barber to be ſeen? or the Wench?

Cle. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pr'y thee, *Dauphine*, let's go thither.

Dau. I have ſome Buſineſs now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You ſhall have no buſineſs ſhall make you neglect this, Sir: we'll make her talk, believe it; or if ſhe will not, we can give out, at leaſt ſo much as ſhall interrupt the Treaty: we will break it. Thou art bound in Conſcience, when he ſuſpects thee without cauſe, to torment him.

Dau. Not I, by any means. I'll give no ſuffrage to't. He ſhall never have that Plea againſt me, that I oppos'd the leaſt Phant'ſie of his. Let it lye upon my Stars to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, Innocent: when ſome Groom of his has got him an Heir, or this Barber, if he himſelf cannot. Innocent. I pr'y thee, *Ned*, where lies ſhe? let him be innocent ſtill.

Cle. Why right over againſt the Barbers; in the Houſe where Sir *John Daw* lies.

Tru. You not mean to confound me!

Cle. Why?

Tru. Does he that would marry her know ſo much?

Cle. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her with him.

Cle. Why?

Tru. The only talking Sir i' the Town! *Jack Daw*! And he teach her not to ſpeak, God b'w' you. I have ſome Buſineſs too. *Cle.*

Cle. Will you not go thither then?

Tru. Not with the Danger to meet *Daw*, for mine Ears.

Cle. Why? I thought you two had been upon very good Terms.

Tru. Yes, of keeping diſtance.

Cle. They ſay, he is a very good Scholar.

Tru. I, and he ſays it firſt. A Pox on him, a Fellow that pretends only to Learning, buys Titles, and nothing elſe of Books in him.

Cle. The World reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am ſorry, the World ſhould ſo conſpire to belye him.

Cle. Good Faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none ſo deſperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own. God b' w' you Gentleman.

Cle. This is very abrupt!

SCENE III.

Dauphine, Clerimont, Boy.

Dau. Come, you are a ſtrange open Man, to tell every thing thus.

Cle. Why, believe it *Dauphine*, *True-wit*'s a very honeſt Fellow.

Dau. I think no other: but this frank nature of his is not for ſecrets.

Cle. Nay then, you are miſtaken, *Dauphine*: I know where he has been well truſted, and diſcharg'd the truſt very truly, and heartily.

Dau. I contend not; *Ned*, but, with the fewer a buſineſs is carried, it is ever the ſafer. Now we are alone, if you'll go thither, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Dau. Laſt Night: and ſuch a *decameron* of ſport fallen out; *Boccace* never thought of the like, *Daw* does nothing but court her: and the wrong way. He would lye with her, and praiſes her modeſty; deſires

that

that ſhe would talk, and be free, and commends her ſilence in Verſes; which he reads, and ſwears, are the beſt that ever Man made. Then rails at his Fortunes, Stamps, and Mutines why he is not made a Counſellor, and called to Affairs of State.

Cle. I pr'y thee let's go. I would fain partake this. Some Water, *Boy.*

Dau. We are invited to Dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir *La-Foole.*

Cle. O, that's a precious Mannikin.

Dau. Do you know him?

Cle. I, and he will know you too; if ere he ſaw you but once, tho' you ſhould meet him at Church in the midſt of Prayers. He is one of the *Braveries*, tho' he be none o' the *Wits*. He will ſalute a Judge upon the Bench, and a Biſhop in the Pulpit, a Lawyer when he is pleading at the Bar, and a Lady when ſhe is dancing in a Maſque, and put her out. He does give Plays, and Suppers, and invites his Gueſts to 'em, aloud out of his Window, as they ride by in Coaches. He has a Lodging in the Strand for the Purpoſe: or to watch when Ladies are gone to the *China* Houſes, or the Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em Preſents, ſome two or three hundred Pounds worth of Toys, to be laught at. He is never without a ſpare-banquet, or Sweet-meats in his Chamber, their Women to alight at, and come up to for a Bait.

Dau. Excellent! He was a fine Youth laſt Night, but now he is much finer! what is his Chriſten Name? I ha' forgot.

Cle. Sir *Amorous La-Foole.*

Boy. The Gentleman is here that owns that Name.

Cle. Heart, he's come to invite me to Dinner, I hold my Life.

Dau. Like enough: pr'ythee let's ha' him up.

Cle. Boy, marſhal him.

Boy. With a Truncheon, Sir.

Cle.

Cle. Away, I beſeech you. I'll make him tell us his Pedegree, now; and what Meat he has to Dinner; and who are his Gueſts; and, the whole courſe of his Fortunes with a breath.

SCENE IV.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Dau. Save dear Sir *Dauphine*, honour'd Maſter *Clerimont.*

Cle. Sir *Amorous!* you have very much honeſted my Lodging, with your Preſence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine Lodging! almoſt, as delicate a Lodging as mine.

Cle. Not ſo, Sir.

La-F. Excuſe me, Sir, if it were i' the Strand, I aſſure you. I am come, Maſter *Clerimont*, to intreat you to wait upon two or three Ladies, to Dinner, to day.

Cle. How Sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever ſee me carry Diſhes?

La-F. No, Sir, diſpenſe with me; I meant, to bear 'em company.

Cle. O, that I will, Sir: the doubtfulneſs o' your Phraſe, believe it, Sir, would breed you a Quarrel once an Hour, with the terrible Boys, if you ſhould keep 'em fellowſhip a day.

La-F. It ſhould be extremely againſt my Will, Sir, if I conteſted with any Man.

Cle. I believe it, Sir; where hold you your Feaſt?

La-F. At *Tom Otters*, Sir.

Dau. Tom Otters? what's he?

La-F. Captain *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of Gameſter, but he has had Command both by Sea and by Land.

Dau. O, then he is *animal amphibium?*

La-F. I, Sir: his Wife was the rich *China*-Woman, that the Courtiers viſited ſo often; that gave the rare Entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cle. Then, ſhe is Captain *Otter*.

La-F.

La-F. You ſay very well, Sir; ſhe is my Kinſwoman, a *La-Foole* by the Mother-ſide, and will invite any great Ladies, for my ſake.

Dau. Not of the *La-Fooles* of *Eſſex?*

La-F. No, Sir, the *La Fooles* of *London.*

Cle. Now, he's in.

La-F. They all come out of our Houſe, the *La-Fooles* o' the North, the *La-Fooles* of the Weſt, the *La-Fooles* of the Eaſt and South———we are as ancient a Family as any is in *Europe*—but I my ſelf am deſcended lineally of the *French La Fooles*——and, we do bear our Coat yellow, or; *Or*, checquer'd *Azure* and *Gules*, and ſome three or four Colours more, which is a very noted Coat, and has, ſometimes been ſolemnly worn by divers Nobility of our Houſe——but let that go, antiquity is not reſpected now—I had a Brace of fat Does ſent me, Gentlemen, and half a dozen of Pheaſants; a Dozen or two of Godwits, and ſome other Fowl, which I would have eaten, while they are good, and in good Company——there will be a great Lady, or two, my Lady *Haughty*, my Lady *Centaure*, Miſtris *Dol Mavis*——and they come a' purpoſe, to ſee the ſilent Gentlewoman, Miſtris *Epicœne*, that honeſt Sir *John Daw* has promis'd to bring thither——and then, Miſtris *Truſty* my Ladies Woman, will be there too, and this honourable Knight, Sir *Dauphine*, with your ſelf Maſter *Clerimont*—and we'll be very merry, and have Fiddlers, and dance——I have been a mad Wag, in my time, and have ſpent ſome Crowns ſince I was a Page in Court, to my Lord *Lofty*, and after, my Ladies Gentleman Uſher, who got me Knighted in *Ireland*, ſince it pleas'd my elder Brother to dye——— I had as fair a Gold Jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the Iſland-Voyage, or at *Cadiz*, none diſprais'd, and I came over in it hither, ſhow'd my ſelf to my Friends in Court, and after went down to my Tenants in the Country, and ſurvey'd my Lands, let new Leaſes, took their Money, ſpent it in the Eye o' the Land

here,

here, upon Ladies——and now I can take up at my pleaſure.

Dau. Can you take up Ladies, Sir?

Cle. O, let him breathe, he has not recover'd.

Dau. Would I were your half, in that Commodity.

La-F. No, Sir, excuſe me: I meant Money, which can take up any thing. I have another Gueſt, or two, to invite, and ſay as much to, Gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail—Your Servant.

Dau. We will not fail you, Sir precious *La-Foole*; but ſhe ſhall, that your Ladies come to ſee: if I have credit, afore Sir *Daw*.

Cle. Did you ever hear ſuch a Wind-ſucker, as this?

Dau. Or ſuch a Rook as the other! that will betray his Maſter to be ſeen. Come, 'tis time we prevented it.

Cle. Go.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Moroſe, Mute.

Mor. CAN not I, yet, find out a more compendious Method, than by this Trunk, to ſave my Servants the labour of Speech, and mine Ears the diſcord of ſounds? Let me ſee: all Diſcourſes but my own afflict me, they ſeem harſh, impertinent, and irkſome. Is it not poſſible, that thou ſhouldſt anſwer me by Signs, and I apprehend thee, Fellow? ſpeak not tho' I queſtion you. You have taken the Ring off from the Street-Door, as I bade you? anſwer me not by ſpeech, but by Silence; unleſs it be otherwiſe (——) very good. And, you have faſtened on a thick Quilt, or Flock bed, on the outſide

At the breaches ſtill the Fellow makes Legs or Signs.

ſide of the Door; that if they knock with their Daggers, or with Brickbats, they can make no Noiſe? but with your Leg, you anſwer, unleſs it be otherwiſe (——) very good. This is not only fit modeſty in a Servant, but good ſtate and diſcretion in a Maſter. And you have been with *Cutberd* the Barber, to have him come to me? (——) good. And, he will come preſently? anſwer me not with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: if it be otherwiſe, ſhake your Head, or ſhrug: (——) So. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard* are wiſe in theſe! and it is a frugal and comely Gravity. How long will it be ere *Cutberd* come? ſtay, if an hour hold up your whole Hand; if half an hour, two Fingers; if a quarter, one; (——) good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a Key, to come in without knocking? (——) good. And, is the Lock oyl'd, and the Hinges to day? (——) good. And the quilting of the Stairs no where worn out and bare? (——) very good. I ſee, by much Doctrine, and Impulſion, it may be effected; ſtand by. The *Turk*, in this divine Diſcipline, is admirable, exceeding all the Potentates of the Earth; ſtill waited on by Mutes; and all his Commands ſo executed; yea, even in the War, (as I have heard) and in his marches, moſt of his Charges and Directions given by Signs, and with ſilence: an exquiſite Art! and I am heartily aſhamed, and angry oftentimes, that the Princes of *Chriſtendom*, ſhould ſuffer a Barbarian, to tranſcend 'em in ſo high a Point of Felicity. I will practiſe it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what Villain? what Prodigy of Mankind is that? look. Oh! cut his Throat, cut his Throat: what Murderer, Hell-hound, Divel can this be? [*One winds a Horn without again.*

Mut. It is a Poſt from the Court——

Mor. Out Rogue, and muſt thou blow thy Horn, too?

Mut. Alas, it is a Poſt from the Court, Sir, that ſays, he muſt ſpeak you, pain of Death——

Mor. Pain of thy Life, be ſilent.

SCENE

SCENE II.

True-wit, Moroſe, Cutberd.

By your leave, Sir, I am a Stranger here: Is your Name Maſter *Moroſe?* is your Name Maſter *Moroſe?* Fiſhes! *Pythagoreans* all! This is ſtrange. What ſay you, Sir, nothing? Has *Harpocrates* been here with his Club, among you? well, Sir, I will believe you to be the Man at this time: I will venture upon you, Sir. Your Friends at Court commend 'em to you, Sir——

(*Mor.* O Men! O Manners! Was there ever ſuch an Impudence?)

Tru. And are extremely ſollicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whoſe Knave are you!

Tru. Mine own Knave, and your Compeer, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my Sword——

Tru. You ſhall taſte the one half of my Dagger, if you do (Groom) and you the other, if you ſtir, Sir: Be patient, I charge you, in the King's Name, and hear me without Inſurrection. They ſay, you are to marry? To marry! Do you mark, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude Companion!

Tru. Marry, your Friends do wonder, Sir, the *Thames* being ſo near, wherein you may drown, ſo handſomely; or *London-Bridge*, at a low Fall, with a fine Leap to hurry you down the Stream; or ſuch a delicate Steeple in the Town, as *Bow*, to vault from; or, a braver height, as *Paul*'s; or if you affected to do it nearer home, and a ſhorter-way, an excellent Garret-window into the Street; or, a Beam, in the ſaid Garret, with this Halter, which they have ſent, and deſire, that you would ſooner commit your grave Head to this Knot, than to the Wedlock Nooſe, or, take a little Sublimate, and go out of the World, like a Rat; or, a Fly (as one ſaid) with a Straw i' your Arſe: Any way rather than to follow this Goblin *Matrimony*. Alas,

He ſhews him a Halter.

Alas, Sir, do you ever think to find a chaſte Wife, in theſe times? Now? When there are ſo many Maſques, Plays, Puritan Parlees, mad Folks, and other ſtrange Sights to be ſeen daily, private and publick? if you had lived in King *Ethelred*'s time, Sir, or *Edward* the Confeſſor's, you might, perhaps, have found in ſome cold Country Hamlet, then, a dull froſty Wench, would have been contented with one Man: Now they will as ſoon be pleaſed with one Leg, or one Eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monſtrous Hazards you ſhall run with a Wife.

Mor. Good Sir! have I ever cozen'd any Friends of yours of their Land? bought their Poſſeſſions? taken forfeit of their Mortgage? begg'd a Reverſion from 'em? baſtarded their Iſſue? what have I done, that may deſerve this?

Tru. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your Itch of Marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an aſſaſſinate upon your Father? vitiated your Mother: raviſhed your Siſters——

Tru. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you do more in this, Sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous Acts, that could be named, to do that you do——

Tru. Alas, Sir, I am but a Meſſenger: I but tell you, what you muſt hear. It ſeems, your Friends are careful after your Souls Health, Sir, and would have you know the Danger (but you may do your Pleaſure for all them; I perſuade not, Sir) if, after you are married, your Wife do run away with a Vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walks upon Ropes, or him that dances the Jig, or a Fencer, for his Skill at his Weapon; why it is not their Fault, they have diſcharged their Conſciences; when you know what may happen. Nay, ſuffer valiantly, Sir, for I muſt tell you, all the Perils that you are obnoxious to. If ſhe be fair, young and vegetous, no Sweet meats ever drew more

more Flies; all the yellow Doublets, and great Roſes i' the Town will be there. If foul and crooked, ſhe'll be with them, and buy thoſe Doublets and Roſes, Sir. If rich, and that you marry her Dowry, not her; ſhe'll raign in your Houſe, as imperious as a Widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your Tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as *May*, and humourous as *April*; ſhe muſt have her Doctors, her Midwives, her Nurſes, her Lodgings every hour: though it be for the deareſt Morſel of Man. If learned, there was never ſuch a Parrat; all your Patrimony will be too little for the Gueſts that muſt be invited, to hear her ſpeak *Latin* and *Greek*: and you muſt lye with her in thoſe Languages too, if you will pleaſe her. If preciſe, you muſt feaſt all the ſilenc'd Brethren, once in three days; ſalute the Siſters; entertain the whole Family, or Wood of 'em; and hear long winded Exerciſes, Singings and Catechiſings, which you are not given to, and yet muſt give for; to pleaſe the zealous Matron your Wife, who, for the holy Cauſe, will cozen you over and above. You begin to ſweat, Sir, but this is not half i' faith: you may do your pleaſure notwithſtanding, as I ſaid before, I come not to perſwade you. Upon my faith, Maſter Serving-man, if you do ſtir, I will beat you.

[*The Mute is ſtealing away.*

Mor. O! what is my Sin! what is my Sin?

Tru. Then, if you love your Wife, or rather dote on her, Sir: O, how ſhe'll torture you! and take pleaſure i' your Torments! You ſhall lye with her but when ſhe liſts; ſhe will not hurt her Beauty, her Complexion; or it muſt be for that Jewel, or that Pearl when ſhe does; every half hours Pleaſure muſt be bought anew, and with the ſame Pain and Charge you woo'd her at firſt. Then you muſt keep what Servants ſhe pleaſe; What Company ſhe will; that Friend muſt not viſit you without her Licenſe; and him ſhe loves moſt, ſhe will ſeem to hate eagerlieſt, to decline your Jealouſie; or, faign to be jealous of you firſt; and for

for that cauſe go live with her ſhe-friend, or Couſin
the Colledge, that can inſtruct her in all the Myſteries
writing Letters, corrupting Servants, taming Spies
where ſhe muſt have that rich Gown for ſuch a gre
Day: a new one for the next; a richer for the third
be ſerv'd in Silver; have the Chamber fill'd with
Succeſſion of Grooms, Footmen, Uſhers, and oth
Meſſengers; beſides Embroiderers, Jewellers, Tir
women, Semſters, Feather-men, Perfumers; while ſh
feels not how the Land drops away; nor the Acres melt
nor foreſees the Change, when the Mercer will ſeize you
Woods for her Velvets; never weighs what her Prid
coſts, Sir: ſo ſhe may kiſs a Page, or a ſmooth Chi
that has the deſpair of a Beard; be a Stateſwoman
know all the News, what was done at *Salisbury*, wha
at the *Bath*, what at Court, what in Progreſs; or, ſ
ſhe may cenſure *Poets*, and Authors and Stiles, an
compare 'em, *Daniel* with *Spencer*, *Johnſon* with th
t'other Youth, and ſo forth; or be thought cunning i
Controverſies, or the very Knots of Divinity; an
have often in her Mouth, the ſtate of the Queſtion
and then skip to the *Mathematicks*, and Demonſtratio
and Anſwer, in Religion to one; in State to another;
in Baud'ry to a Third.

Mor. O, O!

Tru. All this is very true, Sir. And then her goin
in Diſguiſe to that Conjurer, and this cunning Wo
man: where the firſt queſtion is, how ſoon you ſhal
dy? next, if her preſent Servant love her? next, tha
if ſhe ſhall have a new Servant? and how many?
which of her Family would make the beſt Baud, Mal
or Female? what Precedence ſhe ſhall have by he
next Match? and ſets down the Anſwers, and believe
'em above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps ſhe'll ſtud
the Art.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha' you done? ha' you had you
Pleaſure o' me? I'll think of theſe things.

Tru. Yes Sir: and then comes reeking home of Va-
pour and Sweat, with going a Foot, and lies in a Month
o

of a new Face, all Oyl, and Birdlime; and riſes in Aſſes Milk, and is cleans'd with a new *fucus*: God b' w' you, Sir. One thing more (which I had almoſt forgot) This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a Conveyance of her Virginity aforehand, as your wiſe Widows do of their States, before they marry, in truſt to ſome Friend, Sir: who can tell? or if ſhe have not done it yet, ſhe may do, upon the Wedding day, or the Night before, and antidate you Cuckold. The like has been heard of in Nature. 'Tis no devis'd impoſſible thing, Sir. God b' w' you: Sir, I'll be bold to leave this Rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewel *Mute*.

Mor. Come ha' me to my Chamber: but firſt ſhut the Door. O, ſhut the Door: Is he come again? *The Horn again.*

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your Barber.

Mor. O *Cutberd, Cutberd, Cutberd!* here has been a Cut-throat with me: help me in to my Bed and give me Phyſick with thy Counſel.

SCENE III.

Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, Epicœne.

Daw. Nay, an' ſhe will, let her refuſe at her own Charges: 'tis nothing to me, Gentlemen. But ſhe will not be invited to the like Feaſts or Gueſts every Day.

Cle. O, by no means, ſhe may not refuſe —— to ſtay at home, if you love your Reputation: 'Sfight, you are invited thither o' purpoſe to be ſeen, and laught at by the Lady of the Colledge and her Shadows. This Trumpeter hath proclaim'd you. *They diſſwade her privately.*

Dau. You ſhall not go; let him be laught at in your ſtead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling, and talking loud to ſatisfy the Company.

Cle. He will ſuſpect us, talk aloud. 'Pray Miſtreſs *Epicœne*, let's ſee your Verſes, we have Sir *John Daw*'s

leave: do not conceal your Servants Merit, and your own Glories.

Epi. They'll prove my Servants Glories, if you have his leave so soon.

Dau. His vain Glories, Lady!

Daw. Shew 'em, shew 'em, Mistris, I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what Glories?

Daw. Nay, I'll read 'em my self, too: an Author must recite his own Works. It is a *Madrigal* of Modesty.

Modest, and fair, for fair and good are neer
Neighbours, how ere.——

Dau. Very good.

Cler. I, is't not?

Daw. No noble vertue ever was alone,
But two in one.

Dau. Excellent!

Cle. That again, I pray Sir *John*,

Dau. It has something in't like rare Wit and Sense.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. No noble Vertue ever was alone,
But two in one.
Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I praise
Bright Beauties Rais:
And having prais'd both Beauty and Modestee,
I have prais'd thee.

Dau. Admirable!

Cle. How it chimes, and crys tink i' the close, divinely!

Dau. I, 'tis *Seneca*.

Cle. No, I think 'tis *Plutarch*.

Daw. The *Dor* on *Plutarch* and *Seneca*, I hate it: they are mine own Imaginations, by that light. I wonder those Fellows have such Credit with Gentlemen!

Cle. They are very grave Authors.

Daw. Grave Asses! meer *Essayists!* a few loose Sentences, and that's all. A Man would talk so, his whole Age; I do utter as good things every Hour, if they were collected and observed, as either o 'em.

Dau. Indeed, Sir *John?*

Cle.

Cle. He muſts needs, living among the *Wits* and *Braveries* too.

Dau. I, and being Preſident of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There's *Ariſtotle*, a meer Common-place-Fellow; *Plato*, a Diſcourſer; *Thucydides* and *Livie*, tedious and dry; *Tacitus*, an entire knot: ſometimes worth the untying, very ſeldom.

Cle. What do you think of the *Poets*, Sir *John?*

Daw. Not worthy to be named for Authors. *Homer*, an old tedious prolix Aſs, talks of Curriers, and Chines of Beef. *Virgil*, of dunging of Land, and Bees. *Horace*, of I know not what.

Cle. I think ſo.

Daw. And ſo *Pindarus*, *Lycophron*, *Anacreon*, *Catullus*, *Seneca* the Tragœdian, *Lucan*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Martial*, *Juvenal*, *Auſonius*, *Statius*, *Politian*, *Valerius Flaccus*, and the reſt——

Cle. What a Sack full of their Names he has got!

Dau. And how he pours them out! *Politian*, with *Valerius Flaccus!*

Cle. Was not the Character right of him?

Dau. As could be made i' faith.

Daw. And *Perſius* a crabbed Cockſcom, not to be endur'd.

Dau. Why? whom do you account for Authors, Sir *John Daw?*

Daw. *Syntagma Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris civilis*, *Corpus Juris canonici*, the King of *Spain*'s Bible.

Dau. Is the King of *Spain*'s Bible an Author?

Cle. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

Dau. What was that *Syntagma*, Sir?

Daw. A civil Lawyer, a *Spaniard*.

Dau. Sure, *Corpus* was a *Dutchman*.

Cle. I, both the *Corpuſſes*, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent Authors.

Daw. And then there's *Vatablus*, *Pomponatius*, *Symancha*; the other are not to be received within the thought of a Scholler.

Dau. 'Fore God, you have a ſimple learn'd Servant, Lady, in Titles.

Cle. I wonder that he is not called to the Helm, and made a Counſellor!

Dau. He is one extraordinary.

Cle. Nay, but in ordinary! to ſay truth, the State wants ſuch.

Dau. Why, that will follow.

Cle. I muſe a Miſtris can be ſo ſilent to the dotes of ſuch a Servant.

Daw. 'Tis her Vertue, Sir. I have written ſomewhat of her ſilence too.

Dau. In Verſe, Sir *John?*

Cle. What elſe?

Dau. Why? how can you juſtifie your own being of a *Poet*, that ſo ſlight all the old *Poets?*

Daw. Why, every Man that writes in Verſe, is not a Poet, you have of the Wits that write Verſes; and yet are no Poets: They are Poets that live by it, the poor Fellows that live by it.

Dau. Why, would not you live by your Verſes, Sir *John?*

Cle. No, 'twere pity he ſhould. A Knight live by his Verſes! He did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Dau. And yet the Noble *Sidney* lives by his, and the Noble Family not aſham'd.

Cle. I, he profeſt himſelf; but Sir *John Daw* has more Caution: He'll not hinder his own riſing i' the State ſo much? Do you think he will? Your Verſes, good Sir *John*, are no Poems.

Daw. *Silence in Woman, is like Speech in Man:*
Deny't who can.

Dau. Not I, believe it: your Reaſon, Sir.

Daw. *Nor is't a Tale,*
That Female Vice ſhould be a Vertue Male,
Maſculine Vice a Female Vertue be:
You ſhall it ſee
Prov'd with increaſe;
I know to ſpeak, and ſee to hold her Peace.

Do you conceive me, Gentlemen?

Dau.

Dau. No, faith; how mean you with increaſe, Sir *John?*

Daw. Why, with increaſe is, when I court her for the Common Cauſe of Mankind, and ſhe ſays nothing but *conſentire videtur:* and in time is *gravida.*

Dau. Then this is a Ballad of Procreation?

Cle. A Madrigal of Procreation; you miſtake.

Epi. 'Pray give me my Verſes again, Servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you ſhall.

Cle. See, here's *True-wit* again.

SCENE IV.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Cutberd, Daw, Epicæne.

Cle. Where haſt thou been, in the name of Madneſs! thus accoutred with thy Horn?

Tru. Where the Sound of it might have pierc'd your Senſes with Gladneſs, had you been in Ear-reach of it. *Dauphine*, fall down and worſhip me; I have forbid the Banes, Lad: I have been with thy vertuous Uncle, and have broke the Match.

Dau. You ha' not, I hope.

Tru. Yes, faith: an' thou ſhould'ſt hope otherwiſe, I ſhould repent me: This Horn got me Entrance; kiſs it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a Poſt; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a Poſt, or a Stone, or what is ſtiffer, with thundring into him the Incommodities of a Wife, and the Miſeries of Marriage. If ever *Gorgon* were ſeen in the ſhape of a Woman, he hath ſeen her in my Deſcription. I have put him off o' that Scent for ever. Why do you not applaud and adore me, Sirs? Why ſtand you mute? Are you ſtupid? You are not worthy o' the Benefit.

Dau. Did not I tell you? Miſchief!

Cle. I would you had plac'd this Benefit ſomewhere elſe.

Tru. Why ſo?

Cle. 'Slight, you have done the moſt inconſiderate, raſh, weak thing that ever Man did to his Friend.

Dau. Friend! If the moſt malicious Enemy I have, had ſtudied to inflict an Injury upon me, it could not be a greater.

Tru. Wherein, for Gods-ſake? Gentlemen, come to your ſelves again.

Dau. But I preſag'd thus much afore to you!

Cle. Would my Lips had been ſolder'd when I ſpake on't. 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My Maſters do not put on this ſtrange Face to pay my Courteſie: off with this Vizor. Have good Turns done you, and thank 'em this way?

Dau. 'Fore Heav'n, you have undone me. That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now theſe four Months, you have blaſted in a Minute: Now I am loſt, I may ſpeak. This Gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpoſe, and, to be put upon my Uncle, hath profeſt this obſtinate Silence for my ſake, being my entire Friend, and one that for the Requital of ſuch a Fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample Conditions; where now, all my Hopes are utterly miſcarried by this unlucky Accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis, when a Man will be ignorantly officious, do Services, and not know his Why: I wonder what courteous Itch poſſeſt you! You never did abſurder Part i' your Life, nor a greater Treſpaſs to Friendſhip or Humanity.

Dau. Faith you may forgive it beſt; 'twas your Cauſe principally.

Cle. I know it, would it had not.

Dau. How now *Cutberd?* what News?

Cut. The beſt, the happieſt that ever was, Sir. There has been a mad Gentleman with your Uncle this Morning, (I think this be the Gentleman) that has almoſt talk'd him out of his Wits, with threatning him from Marriage——

Dau.

Dau. On, I pr'y thee.

Cut. And your Uncle, Sir, he thinks 'twas done by your Procurement; therefore he will ſee the Party you wot of preſently; and if he like her, he ſays, and that ſhe be ſo inclining to dumb, as I have told him, he ſwears he will marry her to day, inſtantly, and not defer it a Minute longer.

Dau. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond our expectation! By this Light, I knew it would be thus.

Dau. Nay ſweet *True-wit*, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent, this was the abſurd, weak Part.

Cle. Wilt thou aſcribe that to Merit now, was meer Fortune?

Tru. Fortune! meer Providence. Fortune had not a Finger in't. I ſaw it muſt neceſſarily in Nature fall out ſo: My *Genius* is never falſe to me in theſe things. Shew me how it could be otherwiſe.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alas, I let him go on with inconſiderate, and raſh, and what he pleas'd.

Cle. Away, thou ſtrange Juſtifier of thy ſelf, to be wiſer than thou wert, by the Event.

Tru. Event! By this Light, thou ſhalt never perſuade me, but I foreſaw it, as well as the Stars themſelves.

Dau. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis well now: Do you two entertain Sir *John Daw* with Diſcourſe, while I ſend her away with Inſtructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her firſt, by your Favour.

Cle. Maſter *True-wit*, Lady, a Friend of ours.

Tru. I am ſorry I have not known you ſooner, Lady, to celebrate this rare Vertue of your Silence.

Cle. Faith, an' you had come ſooner, you ſhould ha' ſeen and heard her well celebrated in Sir *John Daw*'s Madrigals.

Tru. *Jack Daw*, God ſave you; when ſaw you *La-Foole?*

Daw. Not ſince laſt Night, Maſter *True-wit.*

Tru. That's a Miracle! I thought you had been inſeparable.

Daw. He's gone to invite his Gueſts.

Tru. God ſo! 'tis true, What a falſe Memory have I towards that Man! I am one: I met him even now upon that he calls his delicate fine black Horſe, rid into a Foam, with poſting from place to place, and Perſon to Perſon, to give 'em the *Cue.*———

Cle. Leſt they ſhould forget?

Tru. Yes: There was never poor Captain took more pains at a Muſter to ſhew Men, than he, at this Meal, to ſhew Friends.

Daw. It is his Quarter-Feaſt, Sir.

Cle. What? do you ſay ſo, Sir *John?*

Tru. Nay, *Jack Daw* will not be out, at the beſt Friends he has, to the Talent of his Wit: Where's his Miſtris, to hear and applaud him; Is ſhe gone?

Daw. Is Miſtris *Epicœne* gone?

Cle. Gone afore! with Sir *Dauphine*, I warrant, to the Place.

Tru. Gone afore! That were a manifeſt Injury, a Diſgrace and a half; to refuſe him at ſuch a Feſtival-time as this, being a *Bravery*, and a Wit too.

Cle. Tut, he'll ſwallow it like Cream: He's better read in *Jure Civili*, than to eſteem any thing a Diſgrace, is offer'd him from a Miſtris.

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go; ſhe ſhall ſit alone, and be dumb in her Chamber a Week together, for *John Daw*, I warrant her: Does ſhe refuſe me.

Cle. No, Sir, do not take it ſo to heart: ſhe does not refuſe you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, *True wit*, you were to blame to put it into his Head, that ſhe does refuſe him.

Tru. Sir, ſhe does refuſe him palpably, however you mince it. An' I were as he, I would ſwear to ſpeak ne'er a word to her to day for't.

Daw. By this Light, no more I will not.

Tru. Nor to any body elſe, Sir.

Daw.

Daw. Nay, I will not ſay ſo, Gentlemen.

Cle. It had been an excellent happy Condition for the Company, if you could have drawn him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholick, i' faith.

Cle. As a Dog, if I were as you, Sir *John.*

Tru. Or a Snail, or a Hog-louſe: I would roll my ſelf up for this day in troth, they ſhould not unwind me.

Daw. By this Pick-tooth, ſo I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done: He begins already to be angry with his Teeth.

Daw. Will you go, Gentlemen?

Cle. Nay, you muſt walk alone, if you be right melancholick, Sir *John.*

Tru. Yes, Sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off.

Cle. Was there ever ſuch a two Yards of Knighthood meaſur'd out by Time, to be ſold to Laughter?

Tru. A meer talking Mole! hang him: No Muſhroom was ever ſo freſh. A Fellow ſo utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be.

Cle. Let's follow him: but firſt, let's go to *Dauphine*, he's hovering about the Houſe, to hear what News.

Tru. Content.

SCENE V.

Moroſe, Epicœne, Cutberd, Mute.

Mor. Welcome *Cutberd*; draw near with your fair Charge: and in her Ear, ſoftly intreat her to unmask. (—) So. Is the Door ſhut? (——) Enough. Now, *Cutberd*, with the ſame Diſcipline I uſe to my Family, I will queſtion you. As I conceive, *Cutberd*, this Gentlewoman is ſhe you have provided, and brought, in hope ſhe will fit me in the Place and Perſon of a Wife? Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe: (——) Very well done, *Cutberd*. I conceive beſides, *Cutberd*, you have been pre-acquainted with

her Birth, Education, and Qualities, or elſe you would not prefer her to my Acceptance, in the weighty Conſequence of Marriage. (——) This I conceive, *Cutberd.* Anſwer me not but with your Leg, unleſs it be otherwiſe. (———) Very well done, *Cutberd.* Give aſide now a little, and leave me to examamine her Condition, and Aptitude to my Affection. She is exceeding fair, and of a ſpecial good Favour; a ſweet Compoſition, or Harmony of Limbs; her temper of Beauty has the true height of my Blood. The Knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. Come near, fair Gentlewoman; let not my Behaviour ſeem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear ſtrange. (———) Nay, Lady, you may ſpeak, though *Cutberd* and my Man might not; for of all Sounds, only the ſweet Voice of a fair Lady has the juſt length of mine Ears. I beſeech you, ſay Lady, out of the firſt fire of meeting Eyes (they ſay) Love is ſtricken: Do you feel any ſuch Motion ſuddenly ſhot into you, from any Part you ſee in me? ha, Lady? (——) Alas, Lady, theſe Anſwers by ſilent Curtſies from, are too courtleſs and ſimple. I have ever had my Breeding in Court; and ſhe that ſhall be my Wife, muſt be accompliſh'd with courtly and audacious Ornaments. Can you ſpeak, Lady?

He goes about her, and views her.

She curtſies.

Curtſies.

Epi. Judge you, Forſooth. [*She ſpeaks ſoftly.*

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Speak out, I beſeech you.

Epi. Judge you, Forſooth.

Mor. O' my Judgment, a Divine Softneſs! But can you naturally, Lady, as I enjoin theſe by Doctrine and Induſtry, refer your ſelf to the ſearch of my Judgment, and (not taking pleaſure in your Tongue, which is a Womans chiefeſt Pleaſure) think it plauſible to anſwer me by ſilent Geſtures, ſo long as my Speeches jump right with what you conceive?

Curtſies.

ceive? (——) Excellent! Divine! If it were poſſible ſhe ſhould hold out thus! Peace *Cutberd*, thou art made for ever, as thou haſt made me, if this Felicity have laſting: but I will try her further. Dear Lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I muſt have mine Ears banquetted with pleaſant and witty Conferences, pretty Girds, Scoffs, and Dalliance in her, that I mean to chuſe for my Bed-pheere. The Ladies in Court think it a moſt deſperate impair to their quickneſs of Wit, and good Carriage, if they cannot give occaſion for a Man to court 'em; and when an amorous Diſcourſe is ſet on foot, miniſter as good Matter to continue it, as himſelf: and do you alone ſo much differ from all them, that what they (with ſo much Circumſtance) affect and toil for, to ſeem learn'd, to ſeem judicious, to ſeem ſharp and conceited, you can bury in your ſelf with Silence, and rather truſt your Graces to the fair Conſcience of Vertue, than to the Worlds or your own Proclamation.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. What ſay you, Lady? Good Lady, ſpeak out.

Epi. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

Mor. That Sorrow doth fill me with Gladneſs. O *Moroſe!* thou art happy above Mankind! Pray that thou maiſt contain thy ſelf. I will only put her to it once more, and it ſhall be with the utmoſt Touch and Teſt of their Sex. But hear me, fair Lady; I do alſo love to ſee her whom I ſhall chuſe for my Heifer, to be the firſt and principal in all Faſhions, precede all the Dames at Court by a Fortnight, have her Council of Taylors, Lineners, Lace-women, Embroiderers, and ſit with 'em ſometimes twice a day upon *French* Intelligences, and then come forth varied like Nature, or oftner than ſhe, and better, by the help of Art, her emulous Servant. This do I affect; and how will you be able, Lady, with this frugality of Speech, to give the manifold (but neceſſary) Inſtructions, for that Bodies, theſe Sleeves, thoſe Skirts, this Cut, that Stitch, this Embroidery, that Lace, this Wyre, thoſe Knots,

that

that Ruff, thoſe Roſes, this Girdle, that Fan, the t'other Scarf, theſe Gloves? Ha! what ſay you, Lady?

Epi. I'll leave it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, Lady? pray you riſe a Note.

Epi. I leave it to Wiſdom, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable Creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not ſin againſt ſo ſweet a Simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on thoſe divine Lips the Seal of being mine. *Cutberd*, I give thee the Leaſe of the Houſe free; thank me not, but with thy Leg. (— I know what thou would'ſt ſay, ſhe's poor, and her Friends deceaſed; ſhe has brought a wealthy Dowry in her Silence, *Cutberd*; and in reſpect of her Poverty, *Cutberd*, I ſhall have her more loving and obedient. *Cutberd.* Go thy ways, and get me a Miniſter preſently, with a ſoft low Voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away ſoftly, *Cutberd.* Sirrah, conduct your Miſtris into the Dining-Room, your now Miſtris. O my Felicity! How ſhall I be reveng'd on mine inſolent Kinſman, and his Plots, to fright me from marrying! This Night I will get an Heir, and thruſt him out of my Blood, like a Stranger. He would be knighted, forſooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his Title muſt do it: No, Kinſman, I will now make you bring me the tenth Lords, and the ſixteenth Ladies Letter, Kinſman; and it ſhall do you no good, Kinſman. Your Knighthood it ſelf ſhall come on its Knees, and it ſhall be rejected; it ſhall be ſued for its Fees to Execution, and not be redeem'd; it ſhall cheat at the Twelve-penny Ordinary, it Knighthood for its Diet all the Term-time, and tell Tales for it in the Vacation to the Hoſteſs; or it Knighthood ſhall do worſe, take Sanctuary in *Coleharbour*, and faſt. It ſhall fright all its Friends with borrowing Letters; and when one of the fourſcore hath brought it Knighthood ten Shillings, it Knighthood ſhall go to the *Cranes*, or the *Bear* at the *Bridge-foot*, and be drunk in fear; it ſhall not have Money to diſcharge one Tavern-Reckoning, to invite

the

the old Creditors to forbear it Knighthood, or the new, that ſhould be, to truſt it Knighthood. It ſhall be the tenth Name in the Bond, to take up the Commodity of Pipkins and Stone Jugs; and the part thereof ſhall not furniſh it Knighthood forth for the attempting of a Bakers Widow, a Brown Bakers Widow. It ſhall give it Knighthoods Name for a Stallion, to all Gameſom Citizens Wives, and be refus'd when the Maſter of a Dancing School, or (*How* do you call him) the worſt Reveller in the Town is taken: It ſhall want Cloathes, and by reaſon of that, Wit, to fool Lawyers. It ſhall not have hope to repair it ſelf by *Conſtantinople*, *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; but the beſt and laſt Fortune to it Knighthood ſhall be, to make *Dol Tear-ſheet*, or *Kate-Common* a Lady, and ſo it Knighthood may eat.

SCENE VI.

True-wit, *Dauphine*, *Clerimont*, *Cutberd*.

Tru. Are you ſure he is not gone by?

Dau. No, I ſtaid in the Shop ever ſince.

Cle. But he may take the other end of the Lane.

Dau. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hither.

Tru. What a Barbarian it is to ſtay then!

Dau. Yonder he comes.

Cle. And his Charge left behind him, which is a very good Sign, *Dauphine*.

Dau. How now, *Cutberd*, ſucceeds it or no?

Cut. Paſt Imaganation, Sir, *omnia ſecunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it ſo well: *Saltat ſenex*, as it is i' the Proverb, he does triumph in his Felicity, admires the Party! He has given me the Leaſe of my Houſe too! and I am now going for a ſilent Miniſter to marry 'em, and away.

Tru. 'Slight, get one o' the ſilenc'd Miniſters; a zealous Brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, Sir.

Dau. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it

it now: When 'tis done and finish'd, I am for you for any Device of Vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my Dexterity, Gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus.*

Cle. How the Slave doth *Latin* it!

Tru. It would be made a Jest to Posterity, Sirs, this days Mirth if ye will.

Cle. Beshrew his Heart that will not, I pronounce.

Dau. And for my part. What is't?

Tru. To translate all *La-Foole*'s Company, and his Feast thither, to day, to celebrate this Bride-ale.

Dau. I marry; but how will't be done?

Tru. I'll undertake the directing of all the Lady-guests thither, and then the Meat must follow.

Cle. For God's sake, let's effect it; it will be an excellent Comedy of Affliction, so many several Noises.

Dau. But are they not at the other place already, think you?

Tru. I'll warrant you for the Colledge-honours: one o' their Faces has not the Priming Colour laid on yet, nor the other her Smock sleek'd.

Cle. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a Feast.

Tru. Best go see, and assure ourselves.

Cle. Who knows the House?

Tru. I'll lead you; were you never there yet?

Dau. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liv'd then? Not know *Tom Otter!*

Cle. No: For God's sake what is he?

Tru. An excellent Animal, equal with your *Daw* or *La Foole*, if not transcendent; and does *Latin* it as much as your Barber: He is his Wifes Subject, he calls her Princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the House like a Page, with his Hat off,

partly

partly for Heat, partly for Reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his Bull, Bear, and Horse.

Dau. What be those, in the Name of *Sphinx!*

Tru. Why, Sir, he has been a great Man at the Bear-garden in his time; and from that subtle Sport has tane the wity Denomination of his chief carowsing Cups. One he calls his Bull, another his Bear, another his Horse. And then he has his lesser Glasses, that he calls his Deer and his Ape; and several Degrees of them too; and never is well, nor thinks any Entertainment perfect, till these be brought out, and set o' the Cupboard.

Cle. For God's Love! we should miss this, if we should not go.

Tru. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his Wife, with certain Common Places, behind her back; and to her Face——

Dau. No more of him. Let's go see him, I Petition you.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Otter, Mrs. *Otter*, *True-wit*, *Clerimont*, *Dauphine*.

NAY, good Princess, hear me *pauca Verba*.

Mrs. *Ott.* By that Light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your Bull-dogs and Bear-dogs, if you be not Civil the sooner. I'll send you to Kennel, i' faith. You were best bait me with your Bull, Bear and Horse? Never a time that the Courtiers or Collegiates come to the House, but you make it a *Shrove-Tuesday*! I would have you get your *Whit-sontide* Velvet Cap, and your Staff i' your Hand, to entertain 'em; yes in troth, do.

Ott. Not so, Princess, neither; but, under correction, sweet Princess, gi' me leave—— These things I

am known to the Courtiers by: It is reported to them for my Humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. *Tom Otter*'s Bull, Bear, and Horse, is known all over *England, in rerum natura.*

Mrs. *Ott.* 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em over to *Paris-garden,* and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again. Is a Bear a fit Beast, or a Bull, to mix in Society with great Ladies? Think i' your Discretion, in any good Polity.

Ott. The Horse then, good Princess.

Mrs. *Ott.* Well, I am contented for the Horse: they Love to be well Hors'd I know: I Love it myself.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine Horse, this *Poetarum Pegasus.* Under correction, Princess, *Jupiter* did turn himself into a —— *Taurus,* or Bull, under correction, good Princess.

Mrs. *Ott.* By Integrity, I'll send you over to the Bank-side, I'll commit you to the Master of the Garden, if I hear but a Syllable more. Must my House or my Roof be polluted with the Scent of Bears and Bulls, when it is perfum'd for great Ladies? Is this according to the Instrument, when I married you? That I would be Princess, and reign in mine own House; and you would be my Subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your Half-crown a day, to spend where you will, among your Gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your Maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your Horse-meat and Mans-meat? Your three Suits of Apparel a Year? Your four pair of Stockins, one Silk, three Worsted? Your clean Linnen, your Bands and Cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? 'Tis marle you ha' 'em on now. Who graces you with Courtiers, or great Personages, to speak to you out of their Coaches, and come home to your House? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a Lord or a Lady, before I married you, but on the *Easter* or *Whitson* Holy-

Holy-days? and then out at the Banquetting houſe Window, when *Ned Whiting* or *George Stone* were at the Stake?

Tru. (For God's ſake, let's go ſtave her off him.)

Mrs. *Ott.* Anſwer me to that. And did not I take you up from thence, in an old greaſie Buff Doublet, with Points, and green Velvet Sleeves, out at the Elbows? You forget this.

Tru. (She'll worry him, if we help not in time.)

Mrs. *Ott.* O, here are ſome o' the Gallants! Go to, behave your ſelf diſtinctly, and with good Morality; or, I proteſt, I'll take away your Exhibition.

SCENE II.

True-wit, Mrs. *Otter*, Cap. *Otter*, *Clerimont*, *Dauphine*, *Cutberd*.

By your leave, fair Miſtris *Otter*, I'll be bold to enter theſe Gentlemen in your Acquaintance.

Mrs. *Ott.* I ſhall not be obnoxious, or diffical, Sir.

Tru. How does my noble Captain? Is the Bull, Bear, and Horſe in *rerum natura* ſtill?

Ott. Sir, *Sic viſum ſuperis.*

Mrs *Ott.* I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get Toſts and Butter made for the Woodcocks: That's a fit Province for you.

Cle. Alas, what a Tyranny is this poor Fellow married to!

Tru. O, but the ſport will be anon, when we get him looſe.

Dau. Dares he ever ſpeak?

Tru. No *Anabaptiſt* ever rail'd with the like Licence: but mark her Language in the mean time, I beſeech you.

Mrs. *Ott.* Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My Couſin, Sir *Amorous* will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, Lady. Was not Sir *John Daw* here to ask for him, and the Company?

Mrs. *Ott.* I cannot aſſure you, Mr. *True-wit*. Here was

was a very melancholy Knight in a Ruff, that de-
manded my Subject for ſome body, a Gentleman, I
think.

Cle. I, that was he, Lady.

Mrs. *Ott.* But he departed ſtraight, I can reſolve
you.

Dau. What an excellent choice Phraſe this Lady
expreſſes in!

Tru. O, Sir! ſhe is the only authentical Courtier,
that is not naturally bred one, in the City.

Mrs. *Ott.* You have taken that Report upon truſt,
Gentlemen.

Tru. No, I aſſure you, the Court governs it ſo,
Lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. *Ott.* I am the Servant of the Court and
Courtiers, Sir.

Tru. They are rather your Idolaters.

Mrs. *Ott.* Not ſo, Sir.

Dau. How now, *Cutberd?* Any Croſs?

Cut. O no, Sir, *Omnia bene.* 'Twas never better of
the Hinges, all's ſure. I have ſo pleas'd him with a
Curate, that he's gone to't almoſt with the delight he
hopes for ſoon.

Dau. What is he for a Vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a Cold, Sir, and can
ſcarce be heard ſix Inches off; as if he ſpoke out of
a Bulruſh that were not pickt, or his Throat were full
of Pitch: a fine quick Fellow, and an excellent Barber
of Prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might
omnem movere lapidem (as they ſay) be ready with your
Vexation.

Dau. Gramercy, honeſt *Cutberd*; be thereabout
with thy Key to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, Sir: *Ad manum.*

Tru. Well, I'll go watch my Coaches.

Cle. Do; and we'll ſend *Daw* to you, if you meet
him not.

Mrs. *Ott.* Is Mr. *True-wit* gone?

Dau.

Dau. Yes, Lady, there is ſome unfortunate Buſineſs fallen out.

Mrs. *Ott.* So I judg'd by the Phyſiognomy of the Fellow that came in; and I had a Dream laſt Night too of the new Pageant, and my Lady Mayoreſs, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my Lady *Haughty* t'other day, when her Honour came hither to ſee ſome *China* Stuffs; and ſhe expounded it out of *Artemidorus*, and I have found it ſince very true. It has done me many Affronts.

Cle. Your Dream, Lady?

Mrs. *Ott.* Yes, Sir, any thing I do but dream o' the City. It ſtained me a Damask Table-cloth, coſt me eighteen Pound, at one time; and burnt me a black Satten Gown, as I ſtood by the Fire, at my Lady *Centaure*'s Chamber, in the Colledge, another time. A third time, at the Lord's Maſque, it dropt all my Wyre and my Ruff with Wax candle, that I could not go up to the Banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking Coach to go to *Ware*, to meet a Friend, it daſh'd me a new Sute all over (a Crimſen Satten Doublet, and black Velvet Skirts) with a Brewer's Horſe, that I was fain to go in and ſhift me, and kept my Chamber a Leaſh of Days for the Anguiſh of it.

Dau. Theſe were dire Miſchances, Lady.

Cle. I would not dwell in the City, an 'twere ſo fatal to me.

Mrs. *Ott.* Yes, Sir; but I do take Advice of my Doctor, to dream of it as little as I can.

Dau. You do well, Miſtris *Otter*.

Mrs. *Ott.* Will it pleaſe you to enter the Houſe farther, Gentlemen?

Dau. And your Favour Lady, but we ſtay to ſpeak with a Knight, Sir *John Daw*, who is here come. We ſhall follow you, Lady.

Mrs. *Ott.* At your own time, Sir. It is my Couſin Sir *Amorous* his Feaſt——

Dau. I know it, Lady.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Ott.* And mine together. But it is for his Honour, and therefore I take no Name of it, more than of the Place.

Dau. You are a bounteous Kinſwoman.

Mrs. *Ott.* Your Servant, Sir.

SCENE III.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Foole, Dauphine, Otter.

Why, do you know it, Sir *John Daw?*

Daw. No, I am a Rook if I do.

Cle. I'll tell you then; ſhe's married by this time. And whereas you were put i' th' Head, that ſhe was gone with Sir *Dauphine*, I aſſure you, Sir *Dauphine* has been the nobleſt, honeſteſt Friend to you, that ever Gentleman of your Quality could boaſt of. He has diſcovered the whole Plot, and made your Miſtreſs ſo a acknowledging, and indeed, ſo aſhamed of her Injury to you, that ſhe deſires you to forgive her, and but grace her Wedding with your preſence to day—She is to be married to a very good Fortune, ſhe ſays, his Uncle old *Moroſe:* and ſhe will'd me in private to tell you, that ſhe ſhall be able to do you more Favours, and with more Security now than before.

Daw. Did ſhe ſay ſo, i' faith?

Cle. Why what do you think of me, Sir *John!* ask Sir *Dauphine.*

Daw. Nay, I believe you. Good Sir *Dauphine*, did ſhe deſire me to forgive her?

Cle. I aſſure you, Sir *John*, ſhe did.

Daw. Nay then, I do with all my Heart, and I'll be *jovial.*

Cle. Yes, for look you, Sir, this was the Injury to you. *La-Foole* intended this Feaſt to honour her Brid-ale day, and made you the Property to invite the Colledge Ladies, and promiſe to bring her; and then at the time, ſhe would have appear'd (as his Friend) to have given you the *Dor.* Whereas now Sir *Dauphine* has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of Satisfaction, that

that you ſhall bring all the Ladies to the place where ſhe is, and be very *jovial*; and there, ſhe will have a Dinner, which ſhall be in your name: and ſo diſappoint *La-Foole*, to make you good again, and (as it were) a ſaver i' the Main.

Daw. As I am a Knight, I honour her, and forgive her heartily.

Cle. About it then preſently. *True-wit* is gone before to confront the Coaches, and to acquaint you with ſo much, if he meet you. Join with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your *Antagoniſt*, but take you no Notice, but be very *jovial*.

La-F. Are the Ladies come, Sir *John Daw*, and your Miſtris? Sir *Dauphine!* you are exceeding welcome, and honeſt Maſter *Clerimont*. Where's my Couſin? did you ſee no Collegiats, Gentlemen?

Dau. Collegiats! Do you not hear, Sir *Amorous*, how you are abus'd?

La F. How Sir!

Cle. Will you ſpeak ſo kindly to Sir *John Daw*, that has done you ſuch an Affront.

La F. Wherein, Gentlemen? let me be a ſuitor to you to know, I beſeech you!

Cle. Why Sir, his Miſtris is married to day to Sir *Dauphine*'s Uncle, your Couſin's Neighbour, and he has diverted all the Ladies, and all your Company thither, to fruſtrate your Proviſion, and ſtick a Diſgrace upon you. He was here, now, to have entic'd us away from you too: but we told him his own I think.

La-F. Has Sir *John Daw* wrong'd me ſo inhumanly?

Dau. He has done it, Sir *Amorous*, moſt maliciouſly and treacherouſly: but if you'll be rul'd by us, you ſhall quit him i' faith.

La-F. Good Gentlemen! I'll make one, believe it. How I pray?

Dau. Marry Sir, get me your Pheaſants, and your Godwits, and your beſt Meat, and diſh it in Silver Diſhes of your Couſin's preſently, and ſay nothing, but clap me a clean Towel about you like a Sewer; and

and bare headed, march afore it with a good Confidence ('tis but over the Way, hard by) and we'll second you, where you ſhall ſet it o' the Board, and bid 'em welcom to't; which ſhall ſhow 'tis yours, and disgrace his Preparation utterly: and for your Couſin, whereas ſhe ſhould be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, ſhe ſhall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal Gueſt herſelf, fit rank'd with the Colledge Honours, and be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare, and as loud as the beſt of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her preſently. It ſhall be done, that's reſolv'd.

Cle. I thought he would not hear it out, but 'twould take him.

Dau. Well, there be Gueſts and Meat now, how ſhall we do for Muſick?

Cle. The ſmell of the Veniſon, going thro' the Street, will invite one Noiſe of Fidlers or other.

Dau. I would it would call the Trumpeters thither.

Cle. Faith there is hope, they have Intelligence of all Feaſts. There's good correſpondence betwixt them and the *London* Cooks. 'Tis twenty to one but he have 'em.

Dau. 'Twill be a moſt ſolemn day for my Uncle, and an excellent fit of Mirth for us.

Cle. I, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt *Foole* and *Daw*, and never bring them to expoſtulate.

Dau. Tut, flatter 'em both (as *True-wit* ſays) and you may take their Underſtandings in a Purſenet. They'll believe themſelves to be juſt ſuch Men as we make 'em, neither more nor leſs. They have nothing, not the uſe of their Senſes, but by Tradition.

Cle. See! Sir *Amorous* has his Towel on already. Have you perſuaded your Couſin?

[*He enters like a Sewer.*

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feaſible: ſhe'll do any thing, ſhe ſays, rather than the *La-Fooles* ſhall be diſgrac'd.

Dau. She is a noble Kinſwoman. It will be ſuch a peſt'ling

ſpelling device, Sir *Amorous!* It will pound all your Enemies Practiſes to Powder, and blow him up with his own Mine, his own Train.

La F. Nay, we'll give Fire, I warrant you.

Cle. But you muſt carry it privately, without any noiſe, and take no notice by any means——

Ott Gentlemen, my Princeſs ſays you ſhall have all her Silver Diſhes, *feſtinate:* and ſhe's gone to alter her Tire a little, and go with you——

Cle. And your ſelf too, Captain *Otter.*

Dau. By any means, Sir.

Ott. Yes Sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my Couſin Sir *Amorous*, and you Gentlemen, to be ſuitors to my Princeſs, that I may carry my Bull and my Bear, as well as my Horſe.

Cle. That you ſhall do, Captain *Otter.*

La-F. My Couſin will never conſent, Gentlemen.

Dau. She muſt conſent, Sir *Amorous*, to reaſon.

La-F. Why, ſhe ſays they are no *decorum* among Ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Cle. I, ſhe muſt hear Argument. Did not *Paſiphae*, who was a Queen, love a Bull? and was not *Caliſto*, the Mother of *Arcas*, turn'd into a Bear, and made a Star, Miſtris *Urſula*, i' the Heavens?

Ott. O God! that I could ha' ſaid as much! I will have theſe Stories painted i' the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii Metamorphoſi.*

Dau. Where is your Princeſs, Captain? pray be our Leader.

Ott. That I ſhall, Sir.

Cle. Make haſte, good Sir *Amorous.*

SCENE IV.

Moroſe, Epicœne, Parſon, Cutberd.

Mor. Sir, there's an Angel for your ſelf, and a brace of Angels for your Cold. Muſe not at this manage of my Bounty. It is fit we ſhould thank Fortune, double

to

to Nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; be-
sides, it is your Imperfection, but my Solace.

[*The Parson speaks as having a Cold.*

Par. I thank your Worship; so it is mine, now.

Mor. What says he, *Cutberd?*

Cut. He says, *præsto*, Sir, whensoever your Wor-
ship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He
got this Cold with sitting up late, and singing Catches
with Cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your Worship, and give you much
Joy with your fair Spouse. (Umph, umph.)

[*He coughs.*

Mor. O, O, stay *Cutberd!* let him give me Five
Shillings of my Money back. As it is bounty to re-
ward Benefits, so it is equity to mulct Injuries. I will
have it. What says he?

Cut. He cannot change it, Sir.

Mor. It must be chang'd.

Cut. Cough again.

Mor. What says he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, Sir.

Par. (Umph, umph, umph.) [*Again.*

Mor. Away, away with him, stop his Mouth, away,
I forgive it.

Epi. Fye, Master *Morose*, that you will use this vio-
lence to a Man of the Church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your Gravity, or Breeding
(as you pretend in Court) to have offer'd this outrage
on a Water-man, or any more boisterous Creature,
much less on a Man of his civil Coat.

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speak out I mean.

Epi. I, Sir, Why, did you think you had married a
Statue? or a Motion only? one of the *French* Puppets
with the Eyes turn'd with a Wire? or some Innocent
o

out of the Hoſpital, that would ſtand with her Hands thus, and a Plaiſe-mouth, and look upon you.

Mor. O Immodeſty! a manifeſt Woman! what, *Cutberd!*

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with *Cutberd*, Sir, it is too late now. I confeſs it doth bate ſomewhat of the Modeſty I had, when I writ ſimply Maid, but I hope I ſhall make it a Stock ſtill competent to the Eſtate and Dignity of your Wife.

Mor. She can talk!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir.

Mor. What, Sirrah. None of my Knaves, there? where is this Impoſtor, *Cutberd?*

Epi. Speak to him, Fellow, ſpeak to him. I'll have none of this coacted, unnatural dumbneſs in my Houſe, in a Family where I govern.

Mor. She is my Regent already! I have married a *Penthiſilea*, a *Semiramis*, ſold my Liberty to a Diſtaff.

SCENE V.

True-wit, Moroſe, Epicœne.

Tru. Where's Maſter *Moroſe?*

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me.

Tru. I wiſh you all joy, Miſtreſs *Epicœne*, with your grave and honourable Match.

Epi. I return you the thanks, Maſter *True-wit*, ſo friendly a wiſh deſerves.

Mor. She has Acquaintance too!

Tru. God ſave you, Sir, and give you all contentment in your fair Choice, here. Before I was the Bird of Night to you, the Owl; but now I am the Meſſenger of Peace, a Dove, and bring you the glad wiſhes of many Friends to the celebration of this good Hour.

Mor. What Hour, Sir?

Tru. Your marriage Hour, Sir. I commend your Reſolution, that (notwithſtanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the Voice of a Nightcrow) would yet go

on and be your ſelf. It ſhews you are a Man conſtan to your own Ends, and upright to your Purpoſes, th would not be put off with left-handed Cries.

Mor. How ſhould you arrive at the Knowledge ſo much!

Tru. Why, did you ever hope, Sir, committing th ſecrecy of it to a Barber, that leſs than the whol Town ſhould know it? you might as well ha' told i the Conduit, or the Bake-houſe, or the Infant'ry tha follow the Court, and with more ſecurity. Could you Gravity forget ſo old and noted a Remnant, as, *lippis & tonſoribus notum?* Well Sir, forgive it your ſelf now, th Fault, and be communicable with your Friends. Her will be three or four faſhionable Ladies from the Col ledge to viſit you preſently, and their Train of Minion and Followers.

Mor. Bar my Doors! bar my Doors! where are all my Eaters? my Mouths now? bar up my Doors, you Varlets.

Epi. He is a Varlet that ſtirs to ſuch an Office. Le 'em ſtand open. I would ſee him that dares move hi Eyes toward it. Shall I have a *Barricado* made againſ my Friends, to be barr'd of any Pleaſure they ca bring in to me with honourable Viſitation?

Mor. O *Amazonian* Impudence!

Tru. Nay faith, in this, Sir, ſhe ſpeaks but reaſon and me-thinks is more continent than you. Would you go to Bed ſo preſently, Sir, afore Noon? a Man o your Head and Hair, ſhould owe more to that Reve rend Ceremony, and not mount the Marriage-bed, like a Town-bull, or a Mountain-goat; but ſtay the due Seaſon; and aſcend it then with Religion and Fear Thoſe delights are to be ſteep'd in the Humour, and ſilence of the Night? and give the day to other open Pleaſures, and Jollities of Feaſting, of Muſick, of Re vels, of Diſcourſe: we'll have all, Sir, that may make your *Hymen* high and happy.

Mor. O, my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you endure the firſt half Hour, Sir, ſo tediouſly,

teſtiouſly, and with this irkſomeneſs: what comfort, or hope, can this fair Gentlewoman make to her ſelf hereafter, in the conſideration of ſo many Years as are to come——

Mor. Of my Affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let her do it alone.

Tru. I have done, Sir.

Mor. That curſed Barber!

Tru. (Yes faith, a curſed Wretch indeed, Sir.)

Mor. I have married his Cittern, that's common to all Men. Some Plague, above the Plague——

Tru. (All *Egypt*'s ten Plagues.)

Mor. Revenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, Sir, If you laid on a Curſe or two more I'll aſſure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the Pox with ſeeking to cure it, Sir? Or, that while he is curling another Man's Hair, his own may drop off? Or, for burning ſome Male-Bawds Lock, he may have his Brain beat out with the Curling-Iron?

Mor. No, let the Wretch live wretched. May he get the Itch, and his Shop ſo louſie, as no Man dare come at him, nor he come at no Man.

Tru. (I, and if he would ſwallow all his Balls for Pills, let not them purge him.)

Mor. Let his Warming-pan be ever cold.

Tru. (A perpetual Froſt underneath it, Sir.)

Mor. Let him never hope to ſee Fire again.

Tru. (But in Hell, Sir.)

Mor. His Chairs be always empty, his Sciſſars ruſt, and his Combs mould in their Caſes.

Tru. Very dreadful that! (And may he loſe the Invention, Sir, of carving Lanterns in Paper.)

Mor. Let there be no Bawd carted that Year, to employ a Baſon of his: but let him be glad to eat his ſponge for Bread.

Tru. And drink *lotium* to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or for want of Bread——

Tru. Eat Ear-wax, Sir, I'll help you. Or, ſaw his own Teeth, and add them to the Lute-ſtring.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to Powder, and make Bread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make, make Meal o' the Mill-ſtones.)

Mor. May all the Botches and Burns that he has cur'd on others, break out upon him.

Tru. And he now forget the Cure of 'em in himſelf, Sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' ſcrap'd all his Linnen into Lint for't, and have not a Rag left him to ſet up with.

Mor. Let him never ſet up again, but have the Gout in his Hands for ever. Now, no more, Sir.

Tru. O that laſt was too high ſet! you might go leſs with him i'faith, and be reveng'd enough: as that he be never able to new-paint his Pole ——

Mor. Good Sir, no more. I forgot my ſelf.

Tru. Or, want credit to take up with a Comb maker———

Mor. No more, Sir.

Tru. Or, having broken his Glaſs in a former deſpair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another ——

Mor. I beſeech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he never be truſted with trimming of any but Chimney-Sweepers——

Mor. Sir——

Tru. Or, may he cut a Colliers Throat with his Raſor, by *Chance-medley*, and be hang'd for't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beſeech you, Sir.

SCENE. VI.

Daw, Moroſe, True-wit, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Epicæne, Truſty.

Daw. This way, Madam.

Mor. O the Sea breaks in upon me! another Flood! an Inundation! I ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with Noiſe. It beats already at my Shores. I feel an Earthquake in my ſelf for't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, Miſtris.

Mor. Has ſhe Servants too!

Daw. I have brought ſome Ladies here to ſee and know you. My Lady *Haughty*, this my Lady *Centaure*, Miſtris *Dol Mavis*, Miſtris *Truſty* my Lady *Haughty*'s Woman. Where's your Husband? let's ſee him: can he endure no Noiſe? let me come to him. *She kiſſes them ſeverally as he preſents them.*

Mor. What *nomenclator* is this!

Tru. Sir *John Daw*, Sir, your Wives Servant, this.

Mor. A *Daw*, and her Servant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, an' ſhe have ſuch Servants.

Tru. Nay, Sir, you muſt kiſs the Ladies, you muſt not go away, now; they come toward you to ſeek you out.

Hau. I' faith, Maſter *Moroſe*, would you ſteal a Marriage thus, in the midſt of ſo many Friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiſs you notwithſtanding the juſtice of my Quarrel: you ſhall give me leave, Miſtris, to uſe a becoming Familiarity with your Huſband.

Epi. Your Ladyſhip does me an honour in it, to let me know he is ſo worthy your Favour: as, you have done both him and me Grace, to viſit ſo unprepar'd a Pair to entertain you.

Mor. Complement! Complement!

Epi. But I muſt lay the burden of that upon my Servant here.

Hau. It ſhall not need, Miſtris *Moroſe*; we will all bear, rather than one ſhall be oppreſt.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty if ſhe be to learn it.

Hau. Is this the ſilent Woman?

Cen. Nay ſhe has found her Tongue ſince ſhe was married, Maſter *True-wit* ſays.

Hau. O, Maſter *True-wit!* ſave you. What kind of Creature is your Bride here? ſhe ſpeaks me-thinks!

Tru. Yes, Madam, believe it, ſhe is a Gentlewoma of very abſolute Behaviour, and of a good Race.

Hau. And *Jack Daw* told us, ſhe could not ſpeak.

Tru. So it was carried in Plot, Madam, to put her upon this old Fellow, by Sir *Dauphine*, his Nephew, and one or two more of us: but ſhe is a Woman of an excellent Aſſurance, and an extraordinary happy Wit and Tongue. You ſhall ſee her make rare ſport with *Daw* ere Night.

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

Tru. That falls out often, Madam, that he that thinks himſelf the Maſter-wit, is the Maſter-Fool. I aſſure your Ladyſhip ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, we'll have her to the Colledge: and ſhe have Wit, ſhe ſhall be one of us! ſhall ſhe not, *Centaure?* we'll make her a Collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, Madam, and *Mavis*; and ſhe will ſet up a ſide.

Tru. Believe it, Madam, and Miſtris *Mavis*, ſhe will ſuſtain her part.

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Uſe her very civilly, *Mavis*.

Mav. So I will, Madam.

Mor. Bleſſed minute! that they would whiſper thus ever!

Tru. In the mean time, Madam, would but your Ladyſhip help to vex him a little: you know his Diſeaſe, talk to him about the Wedding Ceremonies, or call for your Gloves, or——

Hau. Let me alone. *Centaure*, help me. Maſter Bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculouſly good to laſt!

Hau. We ſee no Enſigns of a Wedding here; no Character of a Bride-ale: where be our Skarves and our Gloves? I pray you, give him us. Let's know your Bride's Colours, and yours at leaſt.

Cen. Alas, Madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your Ladyſhip's Painter I would

Hau.

Hau. He has given it you, *Centaure*, i' faith. But do you hear, Mr. *Moroſe*, a Jeſt will not abſolve you in this manner. You that have ſuck'd the Milk of the Court, and from thence have been brought up to the very ſtrong Meats and Wine of it; been a Courtier from the Biggen to the Night cap: (as we may ſay) and you to offend in ſuch a high Point of Ceremony as this! and let your Nuptials want all Marks of Solemnity! How much Plate have you loſt to day (if you had but regarded your Profit) what Gifts, what Friends, thro' your mere ruſticity?

Mor. Madam——

Hau. Pardon me, Sir, I muſt inſinuate your Errors to you. No Gloves? no Garters, no Skarves? no *Epithalamium?* no Maſque?

Daw. Yes, Madam, I'll make an *Epithalamium*, I promiſe my Miſtris, I have begun it already: will your Ladiſhip hear it?

Hau. I, good *Jack Daw.*

Mor. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip command a Chamber, and be private with your Friend? you ſhall have your choice of Rooms to retire after: my whole Houſe is yours. I know it hath been your Ladyſhip's Errand, into the City at other times, however now you have been unhappily diverted upon me: but I ſhall be loth to break any honourable Cuſtom of your Ladyſhip's. And therefore, good Madam——

Epi. Come, you are a rude Bridegroom, to entertain Ladies of Honour in this faſhion.

Cen. He is a rude Groom indeed!

Tru. By that light you deſerve to be grafted, and have your Horns reach from one ſide of the Iſland to the other. Do not miſtake me, Sir, I but ſpeak this to give the Ladies ſome heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your *Bravo*, Ladies?

Tru. As God help me, if you utter ſuch another word, I'll take Miſtris Bride in, and begin to you in a

very ſap Cup; do you ſee? Go too, know your Friends, and ſuch as love you.

SCENE VII.

Clerimont, Moroſe, True-wit, Dauphine, La-Foole, Otter, Miſtris Otter, &c.

Cle. By your leave, Ladies. Do you want any Muſick? I have brought you Variety of Noiſes. Play Sirs, all of you. [*Muſick of Sorts.*

Mor. O, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, a Plot, upon me. This day I ſhall be their Anvil to work on, they will grate me aſunder. 'Tis worſe than the noiſe of a Saw.

Cle. No, they are Hair, Roſin, and Guts. I can give you the Receit.

Tru. Peace, Boys.

Cle. Play, I ſay.

Tru. Peace, Raſcals. You ſee who's your Friend now, Sir? Take courage, put on a Martyr's reſolution. Mock down all their attemptings with Patience. 'Tis but a day, and I would ſuffer heroically. Should an Aſs exceed me in Fortitude? No. You betray your Infirmity with your hanging dull Ears, and make them inſult: bear up bravely, and conſtantly. Look you here, Sir, what honour is done you unexpected by your Nephew; a Wedding Dinner come, and a Knight-ſewer before it, for the more Reputation: and fine Mrs. *Otter*, your Neighbour, in the Rump or Tail of it. [*La-Foole paſſes over ſewing the Meat.*

Mor. Is that *Gorgon*, that *Meduſa* come? Hide me, hide me.

Tru. I warrant you, Sir, ſhe will not transform you. Look upon her with a good Courage. Pray you entertain her, and conduct your Gueſt in. No, Miſtris Bride will you entreat in the Ladies? your Bridegroom is aſhame-fac'd, here——

Epi. Will it pleaſe your Ladyſhip, Madam?

Hau. With the Benefit of your Company, Miſtris.

Ex

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your Duties.
Daw. And glad to be commanded, Miſtris.
Cen. How like you her Wit, *Mavis?*
Mav. Very prettily, abſolutely well.
Mrs. *Ott.* 'Tis my Place.
Mav. You ſhall pardon me, Miſtris *Otter.*
Mrs. *Ott.* Why, I am a Collegiate.
Mav. But not in ordinary.
Mrs. *Ott.* But I am.
Mav. We'll diſpute it within.
Cle. Would this had laſted a little longer.
Tru. And that they had ſent for the Heralds. Captain *Otter*, what News?
Ott. I have brought my Bull, Bear, and Horſe, in private, and yonder are the Trumpeters without, and the Drum Gentlemen.

[*The Drum and Trumpets ſound.*

Mor. O, O, O.
Ott. And we will have a rouſe in each of them, anon, for bold *Britons*, i'faith.
Mor. O, O, O.
All. Follow, follow, follow.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. WAS there ever poor Bridegroom ſo tormented? or Man indeed?
Cle. I have not read of the like in the *Cronicles* of the Land.
Tru. Sure, he cannot but go to place of reſt, after all this Purgatory.
Cle. He may preſume it, I think.
Tru. The Spitting, the Coughing, the Laughter, the Neeſing, the Farting, Dancing, Noiſe of the Muſick, and her maſculine and loud Commanding, and

urging the whole Family, makes him think he has married a *Fury*.

Cle. And she carries it up bravely.

Tru. I, she takes any occasion to speak: that's the height on't.

Cle. And how soberly *Dauphine* labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his Plot!

Tru. And has almost brought him to the faith, i'the Article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, *Dauphine*?

Dau. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away i' the Jest else. He has got on his whole nest of Night-caps, and lock'd himself up i' the top o'the House, as high as ever he can climb from the Noise. I peep'd in at a Crany, and saw him sitting over a cross Beam o' the Roof, like him o' the Sadler's Horse in *Fleet street*, upright: and he will sleep there.

Cle. But where are your Collegiates?

Dau. With-drawn with the Bride in private.

Tru. O, they are instructing her i' the Colledge-Grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cle. Me-thinks, the Lady *Haughty* looks well to-day, for all my dispraise of her i' the Morning. I think, I shall come about to thee again, *True-wit*.

Tru. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses, time and years have made i' their Features, with dressings. And an intelligent Woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she have an ill Foot, let her wear her Gown the longer, and her Shoe the thinner. If a fat Hand, and scald Nails, let her carve the less, and act in Gloves. If a sowre Breath let her never discourse fasting; and always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged Teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cle.

Cle. O, you ſhall have ſome Women, when they laugh, you would think they bray'd, it is ſo rude and——

Tru. I, and others that wilk ſtalk i'their Gate like an *Eſtrich*, and take huge ſtrides. I cannot endure ſuch a Sight. I love meaſure i' the Feet; and number i' the Voice: they are gentleneſſes, that oftentimes draw no leſs than the Face.

Dau. How cam'ſt thou to ſtudy theſe Creatures ſo exactly? I would thou would'ſt make me a Proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you muſt leave to live i' your Chamber then a Month together upon *Amadis de Gaule*, or *Don Quixote*, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to Court, to Tiltings, publick Shows, and Feaſts, to Plays, and Church ſometimes: thither they come to ſhew their new Tyres too, to ſee, and to be ſeen. In theſe Places a Man ſhall find whom to love, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The Variety arreſts his Judgement. A Wench to pleaſe a Man comes not down dropping from the Ceiling, as he lies on his Back droning a Tobacco-pipe. He muſt go where ſhe is.

Dau. Yes, and be never the neer.

Tru. Out Heretick. That Difference makes thee worthy it ſhould be ſo.

Cle. He ſays true to you, *Dauphine*.

Dau. Why?

Tru. A Man ſhould not doubt to overcome any Woman. Think he can vanquiſh 'em, and he ſhall: for tho' they deny, their deſire is to be tempted. *Penelope* herſelf cannot hold out long. *Oſtend*, you ſaw, was taken at laſt. You muſt perſevere, and hold to your Purpoſe. They would ſolicite us, but that they are afraid. Howſoever, they wiſh in their Hearts we ſhould ſolicite them. Praiſe 'em, flatter 'em, you ſhall never want Eloquence or Truſt: even the chaſteſt delight to feel themſelves that way rub'd. With Praiſes you muſt

must mix Kisses too. If they take them, they'll take more. Tho' they strive they would be overcome.

Cle. O, but a Man must beware of Force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable Violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest Courtesy. She that might have been forced, and you let her go free without touching, tho' then she seem'd to thank you, will ever hate you after; and glad i' the Face, is assuredly sad at the Heart.

Cle. But all Women are not to be taken always.

Tru. 'Tis true; no more than all Birds, or all Fishes. If you appear learned to an ignorant Wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why she presently begins to mistrust herself. You must approach them i' their own Height, their own Line; for the contrary makes many that fear to commit themselves to Noble and Worthy Fellows, run into the Embraces of a Rascal. If she love Wit, give Verses, tho' you borrow 'em of a Friend, or buy 'em, to have good. If Valour, talk of your Sword, and be frequent in the mention of Quarrels, tho' you be staunch in fighting. If Activity, be seen o' your *Barbary* often, or leaping over Stools, for the Credit of your Back. If she love good Clothes or Dressing, have your learned Council about you every Morning, your *French* Taylor, Barber, Linnener, *&c.* Let your Powder, your Glass, and your Comb be your dearest Acquaintance. Take more care for the Ornament of your Head, than the Safety; and wish the Common-wealth rather troubled, than a Hair about you. That will take her. Then if she be covetous and craving, do you promise any thing, and perform sparingly; so shall you keep her in Appetite still. Seem as you would give, but be like a barren Field, that yields little; or unlucky Dice to foolish and hoping Gamesters. Let your Gifts be slight and dainty, rather than precious. Let Cunning be above Cost. Give Cherries at time of Year, or Apricots; and say, they were sent you out of the Country, tho' you bought them in *Cheapside.* Admire her Tires;

Tires; like her in all Faſhions; compare her in every Habit to ſome Deity; invent excellent Dreams to flatter her, and Riddles; or, if ſhe be a great one, perform always the ſecond Parts to her; like what ſhe likes, praiſe whom ſhe praiſes, and fail not to make the Houſhold and Servants yours, yea the whole Family, and ſalute 'em by their Names, ('tis but light Coſt, if you can purchaſe 'em ſo) and make her Phyſician your Penſioner, and her chief Woman. Nor will it be out of your Gain to make Love to her too, ſo ſhe follow, not uſher her Lady's Pleaſure. All Blabbing is taken away, when ſhe comes to be a part of the Crime.

Dau. On what Courtly Lap haſt thou laſt ſlept, to come forth ſo ſudden and abſolute a Courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I ſhould rather queſtion you, that are ſo hearkning after theſe Myſteries. I begin to ſuſpect your Diligence, *Dauphine*. Speak, art thou in Love in earneſt?

Dau. Yes by my troth am I; 'twere ill diſſembling before thee.

Tru. With which of 'em, I pr'y thee?

Dau. With all the Collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee. We'll keep you at home, believe it, i' the Stable, an' you be ſuch a Stallion.

Tru. No; I like him well. Men ſhould love wiſely, and all Women; ſome one for the Face, and let her pleaſe the Eye; another for the Skin, and let her pleaſe the Touch; a third for the Voice, and let her pleaſe the Ear; and where the Objects mix, let the Senſes ſo too. Thou would'ſt think it ſtrange, if I ſhould make 'em all in Love with thee afore Night!

Dau. I would ſay, thou hadſt the beſt *Philtre* i' the World, and couldſt do more than Madam *Medea*, or Doctor *Foreman*.

Tru. If I do not, let me play the Mountebank for my Meat while I live, and the Bawd for my Drink.

Dau. So be it, I ſay.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Moroſe, True-wit, La-Foole, Mrs. *Otter.*

Ott. O Lord, Gentlemen, how my Knights, and I have miſt you here!

Cle. Why, Captain, what Service? what Service?

Ott. To ſee me bring up my Bull, Bear, and Horſe to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the Captain ſays we ſhall be his Dogs to bait 'em.

Dau. A good Employment.

Tru. Come on, let's ſee your Courſe then.

La-F. I am afraid my Couſin will be offended if ſhe come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing, Gentlemen, I have placed the Drum and the Trumpets, and one to give 'em the Sign when you are ready. Here's my Bull for myſelf, and my Bear for Sir *John Daw*, and my Horſe for Sir *Amorous*. Now ſet your Foot to mine, and yours to his, and ——

La-F. Pray God my Couſin come not.

Ott. Saint *George*, and Saint *Andrew!* Fear no Couſins. Come, ſound, ſound. *Et rauco ſtrepuerunt cornua cantu.*

Tru. Well ſaid, Captain, 'i faith; well fought at the Bull.

Cle. Well held at the Bear.

Tru. Low, low, Captain.

Dau. O, the Horſe has kickt off his Dog already.

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a Knight.

Tru. Gods ſo, off with his Spurs ſomebody.

La-F. It goes againſt my Conſcience. My Couſin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and fair, Sir *John*.

Cle. At the Head.

Dau. Like an excellent Bear-dog.

Cl

Cle. You take no notice of the Buſineſs, I hope.

Daw. Not a word, Sir; you ſee we are jovial.

Ott. Sir *Amorous*, you muſt not equivocate. It muſt be pull'd down, for all my Couſin.

Cle. 'Sfoot, if you take not your Drink, they'll think you are diſcontented with ſomething; you'll betray all, if you take the leaſt notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You muſt pull the Horſe on his Knees, Sir *Amorous*; fear no Couſins. *Jacta eſt alea.*

Tru. O, now he's in his Vein, and bold. The leaſt Hint given him of his Wife now, will make him rail deſperately.

Cle. Speak to him of her

Tru. Do you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Dau. Captain He-*Otter*, your She-*Otter*, is coming, your Wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium.* There's no ſuch thing in Nature. I confeſs, Gentlemen, I have a Cook, a Laundreſs, a Houſe-drudge, that ſerves my neceſſary turns, and goes under that Title: But he's an Aſs that will be ſo uxorious to tie his Affections to one Circle. Come, the Name dulls Appetite. Here, repleniſh again; another Bout. Wives are naſty ſluttiſh Animals.

Dau. O, Captain.

Ott. As ever the Earth bare, *tribus verbis.* Where's Maſter *True-wit?*

Daw. He's ſlipt aſide, Sir.

Cle. But you muſt drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too.

Daw. Let's be jovial.

La-F As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you ſhall ha' the Bear, Couſin, and Sir *John Daw* the Horſe, and I'll ha' the Bull ſtill. Sound *Tritons* O' the *Thames*. *Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libero* ——

Mor.

Mor. Villains, Murderers, Sons of the Earth, and Traitors, what do you there?

[Moroſe *ſpeaks from above, the Trumpets ſounding.*

Cle. O, now the Trumpets have wak'd him, we ſhall have his Company.

Ott. A Wife is a ſcurvy *Clogdogdo*, an unlucky thing, a very foreſaid Bear-whelp, without any good Faſhion or Breeding; *mala beſtia.*

[*His Wife is brought out to hear him.*

Dau. Why did you marry one then, Captain?

Ott. A pox—I married with Six Thouſand Pound, I. I was in Love with that. I ha' not kiſt my Fury theſe forty Weeks.

Cle. The more to blame you, Captain.

Tru. Nay, Mrs. *Otter*, hear him a little firſt.

Ott. She hath a Breath worſe than my Grandmothers *Profecto.*

Mrs. *Ott.* O treacherous Liar. Kiſs me, ſweet Maſter *True-wit*, and prove him a ſlandering Knave.

Tru. I'll rather believe you, Lady.

Ott. And ſhe has a Perruke, that's like a Pound of Hemp, made up in Shoe-threds.

Mrs. *Ott.* O Viper, Mandrake!

Ott. A moſt vile Face! and yet ſhe ſpends me Forty Pound a Year in *Mercury* and Hogs Bones. All her Teeth were made i' the *Black-fryars*, both her Eyebrows i' the *Strand*, and her Hair in *Silver-ſtreet*. Every Part of the Town owns a Piece of her.

Mrs. *Ott.* I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herſelf aſunder ſtill when ſhe goes to Bed, into ſome twenty Boxes; and about next day Noon is put together again, like a great *German* Clock; and ſo comes forth, and rings a tedious Larum to the whole Houſe, and then is quiet again for an Hour, but for her Quarters. Ha' you done me right, Gentlemen?

Mrs. *Ott.* No, Sir, I'll do you right with my Quarters, with my Quarters.

[*She falls upon him, and beats him.*

Ott.

Ott. O, hold, good Princeſs,

Tru. Sound, ſound.

Cle. A Battel, a Battel.

Mrs. *Ott.* You notorious ſtinkardly Bearward, does my Breath ſmell?

Ott. Under Correction, dear Princeſs. Look to my Bear and my Horſe, Gentlemen.

Mrs. *Ott.* Do I want Teeth, and Eye-brows, thou Bull-dog?

Tru. Sound, ſound ſtill.

Ott. No, I proteſt, under Correction ——

Mrs. *Ott.* I, now you are under Correction, you proteſt: but you did not proteſt before Correction, Sir. Thou *Judas*, to offer to betray thy Princeſs! I'll make thee an Example ——

[Moroſe *deſcends with a long Sword.*

Mor. I will have no ſuch Examples in my Houſe, Lady *Otter*.

Mrs. *Ott.* Ah ——

Mor. Mrs. *Mary Ambree*, your Examples are dangerous. Rogues, Hell-hounds, *Stentors*, out of my Doors, you Sons of Noiſe and Tumult, begot on an ill *May-day*, or when the Gally-foiſt is afloat to *Weſtminſter*! A Trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then.

Dau. What ails you, Sir?

Mor. They have rent my Roof, Walls, and all my Windows aſunder, with their Brazen Throats.

Tru. Beſt follow him, *Dauphine*.

Dau. So I will.

Cle. Where's *Daw* and *La-Foole*?

Ott. They are both run away, Sir. Good Gentlemen, help to pacifie my Princeſs, and ſpeak to the Great Ladies for me. Now muſt I go lie with the Bears this Fortnight, and keep out o' the way, till my Peace be made, for this Scandal ſhe has taken. Did you not ſee my Bull-head, Gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captain?

Tru. No; but he may make a new one, by that is on.

Ott.

Ott. O, here 'tis. An' you come over, Gentlemen, and ask for *Tom Otter*, we'll go down to *Ratcliff*, and have a Courſe i' faith, for all theſe Diſaſters. There is *bona ſpes* left.

Tru. Away, Captain, get off while you are well.

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had never been, unleſs we had put his Wife upon him. His Humour is as tedious at laſt, as it was ridiculous at firſt.

SCENE III.

Haughty, Mrs. *Otter*, *Mavis*, *Daw*, *La-Foole*, *Centaure*, *Epicœne*, *True-wit*, *Clerimont*.

Hau. We wonder'd why you ſhriek'd ſo, Mrs. *Otter*.

Mrs. *Ott.* O God, Madam, he came down with a huge long naked Weapon in both his Hands, and looked ſo dreadfully! Sure he's beſide himſelf.

Mav. Why what made you there, Mrs. *Otter?*

Mrs *Ott.* Alas, Mrs. *Mavis*, I was chaſtiſing my Subject, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, Miſtris, you muſt do ſo too. Learn to chaſtiſe. Miſtris *Otter* corrects her Husband ſo, he dares not ſpeak, but under Correction.

La-F. And with his Hat off to her: 'twould do you good to ſee.

Hau. In ſadneſs, 'tis good and mature Counſel; practiſe it, *Moroſe*. I'll call you *Moroſe* ſtill now, as I call *Centaure* and *Mavis*; we four will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the Colledge, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give Milk and Honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at firſt, you ſhall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your Coach and four Horſes, your Woman, your Chamber-maid, your Page, your Gentleman-Uſher, your *French* Cook, and four Grooms.

Hau. And go with us to *Bedlam*, to the *China* Houſe, and to the *Exchange*.

Cte

Cen. It will open the Gate to your Fame.

Hau. Here's *Centaure* has immortaliz'd herſelf, with taming of her wild Male.

Mav. I, ſhe has done the Miracle of the Kingdom.

Epi. But, Ladies, do you count it lawful to have ſuch plurality of Servants, and do 'em all Graces.

Hau. Why not? Why ſhould Women deny their Favours to Men? Are they the poorer or the worſe?

Dau. Is the *Thames* the leſs for the Dyers Water, Miſtris?

La-F. Or a Torch, for lighting many Torches?

Tru. Well ſaid, *La-Foole*; what a new one he has got?

Cen. They are empty Loſſes Women fear in this kind.

Hau. Beſides, Ladies ſhould be mindful of the approach of Age, and let no time want his due Uſe. The beſt of our Days paſs firſt.

Mav. We are Rivers, that cannot be called back, Madam: She that now excludes her Lovers, may live to lie a forſaken Beldam, in a frozen Bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, *Mavis*: And who will wait on us to Coach then? or write, or tell us the News then? make *Anagrams* of our Names, and invite us to the Cockpit, and kiſs our Hands all the Play-time, and draw their Weapons for our Honours!

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my Miſtris is not altogether unintelligent of theſe things; here be in preſence have taſted of her Favours.

Cle. What a neighing Hobby-horſe is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boaſt 'em again, Servant. And have you thoſe excellent Receits, Madam, to keep your ſelves from bearing of Children?

Hau. O yes, *Moroſe*: How ſhould we maintain our Youth and Beauty elſe? Many Births of a Woman make her Old, as many Crops make the Earth Barren.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Moroſe, Dauphine, True-wit, Epicœne, Clerimont, Daw Haughty, La-Foole, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Truſty.*

Mor. O my curſed Angel, that inſtructed me to th Fate!

Dau. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I ſhould be ſeduc'd by ſo fooliſh a Dev as a Barber will make!

Dau. I would I had been worthy, Sir, to have pa taken your Counſel; you ſhould never have truſted to ſuch a Miniſter.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loſs of a Eye (Nephew), a Hand, or any other Member.

Dau. Marry, God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould ge your ſelf, to anger your Wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I di ſupererogatory Penance in a Belfry at *Weſtminſter-hal* i' the *Cockpit*, at the fall of a Stag, the *Tower wha* (what place is there elſe?) *London-bridge, Paris-Gard Bilings-gate*, when the Noiſes are at their height, a lowdeſt. Nay, I would ſit out a Play, that were n thing but Fights at Sea, Drum, Trumpet, and Ta get!

Dau. I hope there ſhall be no ſuch need, Sir. Ta Patience, good Uncle. This is but a Day, and ' well worn too now.

Mor. O, 'twill be ſo for ever, Nephew, I foreſee for ever. Strife and Tumult are the Dowry that com with a Wife.

Tru. I told you ſo, Sir, and you would not belie me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub thoſe Wounds, Maſter *Tru wit*, to blood again; 'twas my negligence. Add n Affliction to Affliction. I have perceiv'd the Effect it, too late, in Madam *Otter*.

Epi. How do you, Sir?

Mo

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unneceſſary Queſtion? As if ſhe did not ſee! Why, I do as you ſee, Empreſs, Empreſs.

Epi. You are not well, Sir! you look very ill! Something has diſtemper'd you.

Mor. O horrible, monſtrous Impertinences! Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd, do you think, Sir? Would not one of theſe have ſerv'd?

Tru. Yes, Sir; but theſe are but Notes of Female Kindneſs, Sir; certain Tokens that ſhe has a Voice, Sir.

Mor. O, is't ſo? Come and be no otherwiſe ——— What ſay you?

Epi. How do you feel your ſelf, Sir?

Mor. Again that!

Tru. Nay, look you Sir, you would be Friends with your Wife upon unconſcionable Terms; her Silence ——

Epi. They ſay you are run mad, Sir.

Mor. Not for Love, I aſſure you, of you; do you ſee?

Epi. O Lord Gentlemen! Lay hold on him, for God's ſake. What ſhall I do? Who's his Phyſician (can you tell) that knows the State of his Body beſt, that I might ſend for him? Good Sir, ſpeak; I'll ſend for one of my Doctors elſe.

Mor. What to Poiſon me, that I might die Inteſtate, and leave you poſſeſt of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how his Eyes ſparkle! He looks green about the Temples! Do you ſee what blue Spots he has?

Cle. I, it's Melancholly.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's ſake, Counſel me. Ladies! Servant, you have read *Pliny* and *Paracelſus*; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor Gentlewoman? Ay me! what Fortune had I to marry a diſtracted Man?

Daw. I'll tell you, Miſtris ——

Tru. How rarely ſhe holds it up!

Mor.

Mor. What means you, Gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, Servant?

Daw. The Diſeaſe in *Greek* is called Μανία, in *Latin* *Inſania, Furor, vel Ecſtaſis Melancholica*, that is, *Egreſſio*, when a Man *ex melancholico evadit fanaticus.*

Mor. Shall I have a Lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *Phreneticus* yet, Miſtriss; and *Phreneticus* is only *Delirium*, or ſo.

Epi. I, that is for the Diſeaſe, Servant; but what is this to the Cure? We are ſure enough of the Diſeaſe.

Mor. Let me go.

Tru. Why, we'll entreat her to hold her Peace, Sir.

Mor. O, no; labour not to ſtop her. She is like a Conduit-pipe, that will guſh out with more force when ſhe opens again.

Hau. I'll tell you, *Moroſe*, you muſt talk Divinity to him altogether, or Moral Philoſophy.

La-F. I and there's an excellent Book of Moral Philoſophy, Madam, of *Raynard* the Fox, and all the Beaſts, called *Done*'s Philoſophy.

Cen. There is indeed, Sir *Amorous La-Foole.*

Mor. O miſery!

La-F. I have read it, my Lady *Centaure*, all over to my Couſin here.

Mrs. *Ott* I, and 'tis a very good Book as any is, of the Moderns.

Daw. Tut, he muſt have *Seneca* read to him, and *Plutarch*, and the Ancients; the Moderns are not for this Diſeaſe.

Cle. Why, you diſcommended them too, to day, Sir *John.*

Daw. I, in ſome Caſes; but in theſe they are beſt, and *Ariſtotle*'s *Ethicks.*

Mav. Say you ſo, Sir *John?* I think you are deceiv'd; you took it upon truſt.

Hau. Where's *Truſty*, my Woman? I'll end this Difference. I pr'y thee, *Otter*, call her. Her Father and Mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

Mor.

Mor. I think ſo. Nay, Gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an Exerciſe, I know, a Marriage-Ceremony, which I muſt endure.

Hau. And one of them (I know not which) was cured with the *Sick Man's Salve*; and the other with *Green's Groat's-worth of Wit.*

Tru. A very cheap Cure, Madam.

Hau. I, it's very feaſible.

Mrs. *Ott.* My Lady call'd for you, Miſtris *Truſty*: you muſt decide a Controverſie,

Hau. O, *Truſty*, which was it you ſaid, your Father, or your Mother, that was cur'd with the *Sick Man's Salve?*

Truſ. My Mother, Madam, with the *Salve.*

Tru. Then it was the *Sick, Woman's Salve.*

Truſ. And my Father with the *Groats-worth of Wit*, But there was another means us'd: We had a Preacher that would preach Folk aſleep ſtill; and ſo they were preſcrib'd to go to Church, by an old Woman that was their Phyſician, thrice a Week——

Epi. To ſleep?

Truſ. Yes, forſooth: and every Night they read themſelves aſleep on thoſe Books.

Epi. Good faith, it ſtands with great reaſon. I would I knew where to procure thoſe Books.

Mor. O!

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, Miſtris *Moroſe*, the *Groats-worth of Wit.*

Epi. But I wall diſfurniſh you, Sir *Amorous.* Can you ſpare it?

La-F. O yes, for a Week, or ſo; I'll read it myſelf to him.

Epi. No, I muſt do that, Sir; that muſt be my Office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could ſleep.

Mor. No, I ſhould do well enough, if you could ſleep. Have I no Friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *Laudanum*, or *Opium?*

Tru.

Tru. Why, Sir, ſhe talks ten times worſe in her ſleep.

Mor. How!

Cle. Do you know that, Sir; never ceaſes all Night.

Tru. And ſnores like a *Porcpiſce*.

Mor. O, redeem me, Fate; redeem me, Fate. For how many Cauſes may a Man be divorc'd, Nephew?

Dau. I know not, truly, Sir.

Tru. Some Divine muſt reſolve you in that, Sir, or a Canon-Lawyer.

Mor. I will not reſt, I will not think of any other Hope or Comfort, till I know.

Cle. Alas, poor Man!

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, Ladies, if you purſue this.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour or ſo.

Cle. By my Faith a large Truce.

Hau. Is that his Keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his Nephew, Madam.

La-F. Sir *Dauphine Eugene*.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful Knight—

Daw. As can be. This Marriage has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a Penny in his Purſe, Madam—

Daw. He is ready to cry all this Day.

La-F. A very Shark; he ſet me i' th' nick t'other Night at *Primero*.

Tru. How theſe Swabbers talk!

Cle. I, *Otter*'s Wine has ſwell'd their Humours above a Spring-tide.

Hau. Good *Moroſe*, let's go in again. I like your Couches exceeding well; we'll go lie and talk there.

Epi. I wait on you, Madam.

Tru. 'Slight, I will have him as ſilent as Signs, and their Poſts too, ere I ha' done. Do you hear, Lady Bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble Wench, continue this Diſcourſe of *Dauphine* within; but praiſe him exceedingly; magnifie him with all the height of Affection thou can'ſt; (I have ſome purpoſe in't) and

but beat off these two Rooks, *Jack Daw* and his Fellow, with any Discontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever.

Epi. I was about it here. It angred me to the Soul, to hear 'em begin to talk so malepert.

Tru. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an Idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in, and hear me do it?

Tru. No, I'll stay here. Drive 'em out of your Company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling *Dauphine*, whom they have so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of 'em presently.

Cle. What a Cast of Castrils are these, to Hawk after Ladies thus?

Tru. I, and strike at such an Eagle as *Dauphine*.

Cle. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here he comes.

SCENE V.

Clerimont, True-wit, Dauphine, Daw, La-Foole.

Cle. O Sir, you are welcom.

Tru. Where's thine Uncle?

Dau. Run out o' Doors in's Night-caps, to talk with a *Casuist* about his Divorce. It works admirably.

Tru. Thou would'st ha' said so, an' thou had'st been here! the Ladies have laugh'd at thee most comically, since thou went'st *Dauphine*.

Cle. And askt, if thou wert thine Uncle's Keeper.

Tru. And the Brace of Baboons answer'd, Yes, and said, thou wert a pitiful poor Fellow, and didst live upon Posts, and hadst nothing but three Suits of Apparel, and some few Benevolences that the Lords ga' thee to swol to 'em, and swagger.

Dau. Let me not live, I'll beat 'em; I'll bind 'em both to Grand Madams Bed-posts, and have 'em baited with Monkeys.

Tru. Thou ſhalt not need, they ſhall be beaten to thy Hand, *Dauphine*. I have an Execution to ſerve upon 'em, I warrant thee ſhall ſerve; truſt my Plot.

Dau. I, you have many Plots! So you had one, to make all the Wenches in Love with me.

Tru. Why, if I do not yet afore Night, as near as 'tis, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to ſearch for thee, take the Mortgage of my Wit.

Cle. 'Fore God, I'll be his Witneſs; thou ſhalt have it, *Dauphine*: Thou ſhalt be his Fool for ever, if thou doſt not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill be the better Eſtate. Do you obſerve this Gallery, or rather Lobby indeed? Here are a couple of Studies, at each end one: Here will I act ſuch a *Tragicomedy* between the *Gulphs* and the *Ghibellines*, *Daw* and *La-Foole* —— which of 'em comes out firſt, will I ſeiſe on: (You two ſhall be the *Chorus* behind the Arras, and whip out between the *Acts*, and ſpeak) If I do not make 'em keep the Peace for this remnant of the Day, if not of the Year, I have fail'd once ——— I hear *Daw* coming: Hide, and do not laugh, for God's ſake.

Daw. Which is the way into the Garden, trow?

Tru. O, *Jack Daw*! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I muſt have this Matter go no further between you: I muſt ha' it taken up.

Daw. What Matter, Sir? Between whom?

Tru. Come, you diſguiſe it, Sir *Amorous* and you. If you love me, *Jack*, you ſhall make uſe of your Philoſophy now, for this once, and deliver me your Sword. This is not the Wedding the *Centaures* were at, tho' there be a She-one here. The Bride has entreated me I will ſee no Blood ſhed at her Bridal; you ſaw her whiſper me ere-while.

Daw. As I hope to finiſh *Tacitus*, I intend no Murder.

Tru. Do you not wait for Sir *Amorous*?

Daw. Not I, by my Knighthood.

Tru.

Tru. And your Scholarſhip too?

Daw. And my Scholarſhip too.

Tru. Go to, then I return you your Sword, and ask you mercy; but put it not up, for you will be aſſaulted. I underſtood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to brave him; and that you had held your Life contemptible, in regard of your Honour.

Daw. No, no; no ſuch thing, I aſſure you. He and I parted now, as good Friends as could be.

Tru. Truſt not you to that Viſor. I ſaw him ſince Dinner with another Face: I have known many Men in my time vex'd with Loſſes, with Deaths, and with Abuſes; but ſo offended a Wight as Sir *Amorous*, did I never ſee or read of. For taking away his Gueſts, Sir, to day, that's the Cauſe; and he declares it behind your back with ſuch Threatenings and Contempts ——— He ſaid to *Dauphine*, You were the errant'ſt Aſs ——

Daw. I, he may ſay his Pleaſure.

Tru. And ſwears, you are ſo proteſted a Coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or ſingle Right; and therefore he will take his Courſe.

Daw. I'll give him any Satisfaction, Sir —— but fighting.

Tru. I, Sir; but who knows what Satisfaction he'll take: Blood he thirſts for, and Blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himſelf?

Daw. I pray you, Maſter *True-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, Sir, conceal your ſelf then in this Study 'till I return. Nay, you muſt be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own Reputation, I would not have you ſeen to receive a Publick Diſgrace, while I have the Matter in managing. Gods ſo, here he comes; keep your Breath cloſe, that he do not hear you ſigh. In good faith, Sir *Amorous*, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, do not murder him; he is a Chriſtian, as good as you: You are arm'd

He puts him up.

as if you ſought a Revenge on all his Race. Good *Dauphine*, get him away from this Place. I never knew a Man's Choler ſo high, but he would ſpeak to his Friends, he would hear Reaſon. *Jack Daw, Jack!* aſleep?

Daw. Is he gone, Maſter *True-wit?*

Tru. I; did you hear him?

Daw. O God, yes.

Tru. What a quick Ear Fear has?

Daw. But is he ſo arm'd, as you ſay?

Tru. Arm'd? Did you ever ſee a Fellow ſet out to take Poſſeſſion.

Daw. I, Sir.

Tru. That may give you ſome light to conceive of him; but 'tis nothing to the principal. Some falſe Brother i' the Houſe has furniſh'd him ſtrangely; or, if it were out o' the Houſe, it was *Tom Otter*.

Daw. Indeed he's a Captain, and his Wife is his Kinſwoman.

Tru. He has got ſome bodies old two-hand Sword, to mow you off at the Knees: And that Sword hath ſpawn'd ſuch a Dagger! —— But then he is ſo hung with Pikes, Halberds, Peitronels, Callivers, and Muſkets, that he looks like a Juſtice of Peace's Hall; A Man of Two Thouſand a Year is not ſeiz'd at ſo many Weapons as he has on. There was never Fencer challeng'd at ſo many ſeveral Foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. *Pulchers* Pariſh. If he could but Victual himſelf for half a Year in his Breaches, he is ſufficiently arm'd to over-run a Country.

Daw. Good Lord! what means he, Sir? I pray you Maſter *True-wit*, be you a mediator.

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a Leg or an Arm; if not, you muſt die once.

Daw. I would be loath to loſe my Right Arm, for writing *Madrigals*.

Tru. Why, if he will be ſatisfied with a Thumb, or a little-finger, all's one to me. You muſt think, I'll do my beſt.

Daw.

Daw. Good Sir, do. [*He puts him up again, and then came forth.*

Cle. What haſt thou done?

Tru. He will let me do nothing, Man; he does all afore me; he offers his left Arm.

Cle. His left Wing, for a *Jack Daw*.

Dau. Take it by all means.

Tru. How! Maim a Man for ever, for a Jeſt? What a Conſcience haſt thou?

Dau. 'Tis no loſs to him; he has no employment for his Arms, but to eat Spoon-meat. Beſide, as good maim his body, as his Reputation.

Tru. He is a Scholar, and a Wit, and yet he does not think ſo. But he loſes no Reputation with us; for we all reſolv'd him an Aſs before. To your Places again.

Cle. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

Tru. Look, you'll ſpoil all; theſe be ever your Tricks.

Cle. No, but I could hit of ſome things that thou wilt miſs, and thou wilt ſay are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leave it off elſe.

Dau. Come away, *Clerimont*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous!*

La-F. Maſter *True-wit*.

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Down into the Court, to make Water.

Tru. By no means, Sir; you ſhall rather tempt your Breeches.

La-F. Why, Sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you love your Life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Queſtion till your Throat be cut, do: dally till the enrag'd Soul find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. Daw it is: Will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: What's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us

that, there had been ſome Hope to atone you; but he ſeems ſo implacably enrag'd.

La-F. 'Slight, let him rage: I'll hide my ſelf.

Tru. Do, good Sir, but what have you done to him within, that ſhould provoke him thus? You have broke ſome Jeſt upon him afore the Ladies——

La-F. Not I, never in my Life, brok Jeſt upon any Man. The Bride was praiſing Sir *Dauphine*, and he went away in Snuff, and followed him; unleſs he took offence at me in his Drink ere-while, that I would not pledge all the Horſe full.

Tru. By my Faith, and that may be; you remember well: But he walks the Round up and down, thro' every Room o' the Houſe, with a Towel in his Hand, crying, Where's *La-Foole?* Who ſaw *La-Foole?* And when *Dauphine*, and I demanded the Cauſe we can force no Anſwer from him, but (O Revenge, how ſweet art thou! I will ſtrangle him in this Towel) Which leads us to conjecture, that the main Cauſe of his Fury is, for bringing your Meat to day, with a Towel about you, to his Diſcredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, and he be angry for that, I'll ſtay here till his anger be blown over.

Tru. A good becoming Reſolution, Sir; if you can put it on o' the ſudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: Or, I'll away into the Country preſently.

Tru. How will you go out o' the Houſe, Sir? He knows you are i' the Houſe, and he'll watch you this ſe'nnight, but he'll have you: He'll out-wait a Serjeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll ſtay here.

Tru. You muſt think how to victual your ſelf in time then.

La-F. Why ſweet Maſter *True-wit*, will you entreat my Couſin *Otter* to ſend me a cold Veniſon Paſty, a Bottle or two of Wine, and a Chamber-Pot.

Tru. A Stool were better, Sir, of Sir *Ajax* his Invention.

La-F.

La-F. I, that will be better indeed; and a Pallat to lie on.

Tru. O, I would not adviſe you to ſleep, by any means.

La-F. Would you not, Sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet there's another Fear——

La-F. Is there, Sir? What is't?

Tru. No, he cannot break open this Door with his Foot ſure.

La-F. I'll ſet my Back againſt it, Sir. I have a good Back.

Tru. But then if he ſhould batter.

La-F. Batter! If he dare, I'll have an Action of Battry againſt him.

Tru. Caſt you the worſt. He has ſent for Powder already, and what he will do with it, no Man knows: perhaps blow up the Corner o' the Houſe where he ſuſpects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. I proteſt, Sir *John Daw*, he is not *He feigns as* this way: What will you do? Before God *if one were* you ſhall hang no *Petard* here: I'll die *preſent*, *to* rather. Will you not take my Word? I *fright the o-* never knew one but would be ſatisfied. Sir *ther, who is Amorous*, there's no ſtanding out: He has *run in to* made a *Petard* of an old Braſs Pot, to *hide himſelf.* force your Door. Think upon ſome Satisfaction, or Terms to offer him.

La-F. Sir, I'll give him any Satisfaction: I dare give any Terms.

Tru. You'll leave it to me then?

La-F. I, Sir: I'll ſtand to any Conditions.

Tru. How now, what think you, Sirs? Wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of theſe two feared moſt. *He calls forth* Clerimont *and* Dauphine.

Cle. Yes, but this fears the braveſt: The other, a whinilling Daſtard, *Jack Daw!* But *La-Foole*, a brave Heroick Coward! and is afraid in a great Look, and a ſtout Accent. I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not been Pity theſe two ſhould ha' been conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I make a Motion?

Tru. Briefly: For I muſt ſtrike while 'tis hot.

Cle. Shall I go fetch the Ladies to the *Cataſtrophe*?

Tru. Umph? I, by my Troth.

Dau. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the State of Ignorance, and err ſtill; think 'em Wits and fine Fellows as they have done. 'Twere Sin to reform them.

Tru. Well, I will have 'em fetcht, now I think on't, for a private Purpoſe of mine: Do, *Clerimont*, fetch 'em, and diſcourſe to 'em all that's paſt, and bring 'em into the Gallery here.

Dau. This is thy extream Vanity now: thou think'ſt thou wert undone, if every Jeſt thou mak'ſt were not publiſh'd.

Tru. Thou ſhalt ſee how unjuſt thou art preſently. *Clerimont*, ſay it was *Dauphine*'s Plot. Truſt me not, if the whole Drift be not for thy good. There's a Carpet i' the next Room, put it on, with this Scarf over thy Face, and a Cuſhion o' thy Head, and be ready when I call *Amorous*. Away—*John Daw*.

Daw. What good News, Sir?

Tru. Faith, I have followed, and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a Knight, and a Scholar, and that you knew Fortitude did conſiſt, *magis patiendo quàm faciendo, magis ferendo quàm feriendo*.

Daw. It doth ſo indeed, Sir.

Tru. And that you would ſuffer, I told him: So at firſt he demanded, by my troth, in my conceit, too much.

Daw. What is it, Sir?

Tru. Your upper Lip, and ſix of your fore Teeth.

Daw. 'Twas reaſonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not ſpare 'em all. So after long Argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him down to your two Butter Teeth, and them he would have.

Daw. O, did you ſo? Why, he ſhall have 'em.

Tru. But he ſhall not, Sir, by your leave. The Concluſion is this, Sir: Becauſe you ſhall be very good Friends

Friends hereafter, and this never to be remembred or upbraided; beſides, that he may not boaſt he has done any ſuch thing to you in his own Perſon, he is to come here in Diſguiſe, give you five Kicks in private, Sir, take your Sword from you, and lock you up in that Study during Pleaſure: Which will be but a little While, we'll get it releas'd preſently.

Daw. Five Kicks? He ſhall ha' ſix, Sir, to be Friends.

Tru. Believe me, you ſhall not over-ſhoot your ſelf, to ſend him that Word by me.

Daw. Deliver it, Sir; he ſhall have it with all my heart to be Friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, an' he ſhould not be ſo, and heartily too, upon theſe Terms, he ſhall have me to Enemy while I live. Come, Sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. True. What's ſix Kicks to a Man that reads *Seneca?*

Daw. I have had a hundred, Sir.

Tru. Sir *Amorous.* No ſpeaking one to another, or rehearſing old Matters.

[Dauphine *comes forth, and kicks him.*

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I proteſt, Sir *Amorous*, you ſhall have ſix.

Tru. Nay, I told you, you ſhould not talk. Come give him ſix, and he will needs. Your Sword. Now return to your ſafe Cuſtody; you ſhall preſently meet afore the Ladies, and be the deareſt Friends one to another———Give me the Scarf now, thou ſhalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by, Sir *Amorous.*

La-F. What's here? A Sword?

Tru. I cannot help it, without I ſhould take the Quarrel upon my ſelf. Here he has ſent you his Sword—

La-F. I'll receive none on't.

Tru. And he wills you to faſten it againſt a Wall, and break your Head in ſome few ſeveral Places againſt the Hilts.

La-F. I will not, tell him roundly. I cannot endure to ſhed my own Blood.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No, I'll beat it againſt a fair flat Wall, if that will ſatisfy him: If not, he ſhall beat it himſelf for *Amoreus*.

Tru. Why, this is ſtrange ſtarting off, when a Man undertakes for you! I offered him another Condition; will you ſtand to that?

La-F. I, what is't?

Tru. That you will be beaten in private.

La F. Yes, I am content, at the Blunt.

Tru. Then you muſt ſubmit your ſelf to be Hoodwink'd in this Scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your Sword from you, and make you bear a Blow over the Mouth, *Gules*, and Tweaks by the Noſe *ſans nombre*.

La-F. I am content. But why muſt I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, Sir; becauſe if he ſhould grow inſolent upon this, and publiſh it hereafter to your diſgrace, (which I hope he will not do) you might ſwear ſafely, and proteſt, he never beat you, to your Knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

Tru. I do not doubt but you'll be perfect good Friends upon't, and not dare to utter an ill Thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

Tru. Nor he of you, Sir. If he ſhould——Come, Sir. All hid, Sir *John*.

[Dauphine *enters to tweak him.*

La-F. Oh, Sir *John*, Sir *John*. Oh, o-o-o-o-o-Oh—

Tru. Good Sir *John*, leave tweaking, you'll blow his Noſe off. 'Tis Sir *John*'s Pleaſure, you ſhould retire into the Study. Why, now you are Friends. All Bitterneſs between you, I hope is buried; you ſhall come forth by and by, *Damon* and *Pythias* upon't, and embrace with all the Rankneſs of Friendſhip that can be. I truſt, we ſhall have 'em tamer i' their Language hereafter. *Dauphine*, I worſhip thee. God's will, the Ladies have ſurpriz'd us.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. *Otter, Epicœne, Trusty, Dauphine, True-wit,* &c.

Having discovered part of the past Scene above.

Hau. Centaure, how our Judgments were impos'd on by these adulterate Knights!

Cen. Nay, Madam, *Mavis* was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her Commendation utter'd 'em in the College.

Mav. I commended but their Wits, Madam, and their Braveries. I never look'd toward their Valours.

Hau. Sir *Dauphine* is valiant, and a Wit too, it seems.

Mav. And a Bravery too.

Hau. Was this his Project?

Mrs. *Ott.* So Master *Clerimont* intimates, Madam.

Hau. Good *Morose,* when you come to the College, will you bring him with you? He seems a very perfect Gentleman.

Epi. He is so, Madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, *Morose?*

Epi. Three or four days hence, Madam, when I have got me a Coach and Horses.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good *Morose*; *Centaure* shall send you her Coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir *Dauphine* with you.

Hau. She has promis'd that, *Mavis.*

Mav. He is a very worthy Gentleman in his Exteriors, Madam.

Hau. I, he shew's he is judicial in his Clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, Madam, that have their Faces set in a Bark.

Hau. I, and have every Hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer Linnen than ourselves, and profess more Neatness than the *French Hermaphrodite!*

Epi. I, Ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a Thousand; and are the only Thieves of our Fame, that think to take us with that Perfume, or with that

that Lace, and laugh at us unconſcionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir *Dauphine*'s Careleſsneſs becomes him.

Cen. I could love a Man for ſuch a Noſe!

Mav. Or ſuch a Leg!

Cen. He has an exceeding good Eye, Madam!

Mav. And a very good Look!

Cen. Good *Moroſe*, bring him to my Chamber firſt.

Mrs. *Ott.* Pleaſe your Honours to meet at my Houſe, Madam.

Tru. See how they eye thee, Man! They are taken, I warrant thee.

Hau. You have unbrac'd our Brace of Knights here, Maſter *True-wit*.

Tru. Not I, Madam; it was Sir *Dauphine*'s ingine; who, if you have diſfurniſh'd your Ladyſhip of any Guard or Service by it, is able to make the Place good again in himſelf.

Hau. There is no Suſpicion of that, Sir.

Cen. God ſo, *Mavis*, *Haughty* is kiſſing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

Hau. But I am glad of the Fortune (beſide the Diſcovery of two ſuch empty Caskets) to gain the Knowledge of ſo rich a Mine of Virtue as Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen. We would be all glad to ſtile him of our Friendſhip, and ſee him at the College.

Mav. He cannot mix with a ſweeter Society, I'll propheſy; and I hope he himſelf will think ſo.

Dau. I ſhould be rude to imagine otherwiſe, Lady.

Tru. Did not I tell thee, *Dauphine?* Why, all their Actions are govern'd by crude Opinion, without Reaſon or Cauſe; they know not why they do any thing; but as they are informed, believe, judge, praiſe, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation on of another, do all theſe things alike. Only they have a natural Inclination ſways 'em generally to the worſt, when they are left to themſelves. But purſue it now thou haſt 'em.

Hau. Shall we go in again, *Moroſe?*

Epi. Yes, Madam.

Cen.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir *Dauphine*'s Company.

Tru. Stay, good Madam, the Interview of the two Friends *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*: I'll fetch 'em out to you ſtraight.

Hau. Will you, Mr. *True-wit?*

Daw. I; but noble Ladies, do not confeſs in your Countenance, or outward bearing to 'em, any Diſcovery of their Follies, that we may ſee how they will bear up again, with what Aſſurance and Erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir *Dauphine.*

Cen. Mav. Upon our Honours, Sir *Dauphine.*

Tru. Sir *Amorous*, Sir *Amorous.* The Ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes; but ſlip out by and by, as their Backs are turn'd, and meet Sir *John* here, as by chance, when I call you. *Jack Daw.*

Daw. What ſay you, Sir!

Tru. Whip out behind me ſuddenly, and no Anger in your Looks to your Adverſary. Now, now.

La-F. Noble Sir *John Daw!* where ha' you been?

Daw. To ſeek you, Sir *Amorous.*

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I prevent you, Sir.

Cle. They have forgot their Rapiers.

Tru. O, they meet in Peace, Man.

Dau. Where's your Sword, Sir *John?*

Cle. And yours, Sir *Amorous?*

Daw. Mine! My Boy had it forth, to mend the Handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my Gold Handle was broke too, and my Boy had it forth.

Dau. Indeed, Sir? How their Excuſes meet.

Cle. What a conſent there is i' the Handles?

Tru. Nay, there is ſo i' the Points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. *Ott.* O me! Madam, he comes again, the Madman! Away.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Moroſe, True-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Mor. What make theſe naked Weapons here, Gentlemen?

[*He had found the two Swords drawn within.*

Tru. O, Sir? here hath like to been Murder ſince you went! A couple of Knights fallen out about the Brides Favours: We were fain to take away their Weapons; your Houſe had been begg'd by this time elſe—

Mor. For what?

Cle. For Man-ſlaughter, Sir, as being acceſſory.

Mor. And for her Favours?

Tru. I, Sir, heretofore, not preſent. *Clerimont*, carry 'em their Swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do.

Dau. Ha' you ſpoke with a Lawyer, Sir?

Mor. O, no! There is ſuch a noiſe i' the Court, that they have frighted me home with more Violence than I went! Such ſpeaking, and counterſpeaking, with their ſeveral Voices of *Citations*, *Appellations*, *Allegations*, *Certificates*, *Attachments*, *Interrogatories*, *References*, *Convictions* and *Afflictions* indeed, among the Doctors and Proctors! that the Noiſe here is Silence too't! a kind of calm midnight!

Tru. Why, Sir, if you would be reſolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very ſufficient Lawyer, and a learned Divine, that ſhall inquire into every leaſt Scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, Maſter *True-wit?*

Tru. Yes, and are very ſober grave Perſons, that will diſpatch in a Chamber, with a Whiſper or two.

Mor. Good Sir, ſhall I hope this Benefit from you, and truſt my ſelf into your Hands?

Tru. Alas, Sir! your Nephew and I have been aſham'd, and oft times mad, ſince you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good Sir, and lock your ſelf up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Mor.

Mar. Do your pleaſure with me, Gentlemen; I believe in you, and deſerve no Deluſion.——

Tru. You ſhall find none, Sir; but heapt, heapt Plenty of Vexation.

Dau. What wilt thou do now, *Wit?*

Tru. Recover me hither *Otter* and the Barber, if you can, by any means, preſently.

Dau. Why? to what Purpoſe?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepeſt Divine, and graveſt Lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

Dau. Thou can'ſt not, Man; theſe are waking Dreams.

Tru. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil Gown with the Welt o' the one, and a canonical Cloke with Sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few Terms i' the Mouths, if there come not forth as able a Doctor, and compleat a Parſon, for this turn, as may be wiſh'd, truſt not my Election: And I hope, without wronging the Dignity of either Profeſſion, ſince they are but Perſons put on, and for Mirth's ſake, to torment him: The Barber ſmatters *Latin*, I remember.

Dau. Yes, and *Otter* too.

Tru. Well then, if I make 'em not wrangle out this Caſe, to his no Comfort, let me be thought a *Jack Daw*, or *La-Foole*, or any thing worſe. Go you to your Ladies, but firſt ſend for them.

Dau. I will.

ACT V. SCENE I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Mavis.

La-F. WHere had you our Swords, Maſter *Clerimont?*

Cle. Why, *Dauphine* took 'em from the Madman.

La-F. And he took 'em from our Boys, I warrant you?

Cle.

Cle. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thank you, good Master *Clerimont*. Sir *John Daw* and I are both beholden to you.

Cle. Would I knew how to make you ſo, Gentlemen.

Daw. Sir *Amorous* and I are your Servants, Sir.

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a Pen and Ink? I would fain write out a Riddle in *Italian*, for Sir *Dauphine* to tranſlate.

Cle. Not I, in troth, Lady; I am no Scrivener.

Daw. I can furniſh you, I think, Lady.

Cle. He has it in the Haft of a Knife, I believe.

La-F. No, he has his Box of Inſtruments.

Cle. Like a Surgeon!

La-F. For the *Mathematicks:* his Square, his Compaſſes, his Braſs Pens, and Black-lead, to draw Maps of every Place and Perſon where he comes.

Cle. How, Maps of Perſons!

La-F. Yes, Sir, of *Nomentack*, when he was here, and of the Prince of *Moldavia*, and of his Miſtris, Miſtris *Epicœne*.

Cle. Away! He has not found out her Latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleaſant Gentleman, Sir.

Cle. Faith, now we are in private, let's wanton it a little and talk waggiſhly. Sir *John*, I am telling Sir *Amorous* here, that you two govern the Ladies where e'er you come, you carry the Feminine Gender afore you.

Daw. They ſhall rather carry us afore them, if they will. Sir.

Cle. Nay, I believe that they do withal——But, that you are the prime Men in their Affections, and direct all their Actions——

Daw. Not I: Sir *Amorous* is.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John* is.

Daw. As I hope to riſe i' the State, Sir *Amorous*, you ha' the Perſon.

La-F. Sir *John*, you ha' the Perſon, and the Diſcourſe too.

Daw.

Daw. Not I, Sir. I have no Diſcourſe——and then you have Activity beſide.

La-F. I proteſt, Sir *John*, you come as high from *Tripoly*, as I do every whit: and lift as many join'd Stools, and leap over 'em, if you would uſe it——

Cle. Well, agree on't together, Knights; for between you, you divide the Kingdom, or Common-wealth of Ladies Affections: I ſee it, and can perceive a little how they obſerve you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell ſtrange Stories, my Maſters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have ſeen ſomewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we have——Velvet Petticoats, and wrought Smocks, or ſo.

Daw. I, and———

Cle. Nay, out with it, Sir *John*; do not envy your Friend the Pleaſure of Hearing, when you have had the Delight of Taſting.

Daw. Why—a—do you ſpeak, Sir *Amorous?*

La-F. No, do you, Sir *John Daw.*

Daw. I'faith, you ſhall.

La-F. I'faith, you ſhall.

Daw. Why, we have been———

La-F. In the great Bed at *Ware* together in our time. On, Sir *John.*

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir *Amorous.*

Cle. And theſe Ladies with you, Knights?

La-F. No, excuſe us, Sir.

Daw. We muſt not wound Reputation.

La-F. No matter—they were theſe, or others. Our Bath coſt us fifteen Pound when we came home.

Cle. Do you hear, Sir *John?* You ſhall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cle. You lay in the ſame Houſe with the Bride here?

Daw. Yes, and converſt with her hourly, Sir!

Cle. And what Humour is ſhe of? Is ſhe coming and open, free?

Daw.

Daw. O, exceeding open, Sir. I was her Servant, and Sir *Amorous* was to be.

Cle. Come, you have both had Favours from her: I know, and have heard ſo much.

Daw. O, no, Sir.

La-F. You ſhall excuſe us, Sir; we muſt not wound Reputation.

Cle. Tut, ſhe is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any Report; and therefore ſpeak plainly: How many times, i' faith? which of you led firſt? ha?

La-F. Sir *John* had her Maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleaſes him to ſay ſo, Sir; but Sir *Amorous* knows what's what, as well.

Cle. Doſt thou, i' faith, *Amorous?*

La-F. In a manner, Sir.

Cle. Why, I commend you, Lads. Little knows *Don* Bridegroom of this; nor ſhall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad Ox.

Cle. Speak ſoftly; here comes his Nephew, with the Lady *Haughty:* He'll get the Ladies from you, Sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you.

SCENE II.

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimont.

Hau. I aſſure you, Sir *Danphine*, it is the Price and Eſtimation of your Vertue only, that hath embark'd me to this Adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you ſo: Nor can I repent me of the Act, ſince it is always an Argument of ſome Vertue in our ſelves that we love and affect it ſo in others.

Dau. Your Ladyſhip ſets too high a Price on my Weakneſs.

Hau. Sir, I can diſtinguiſh Gems from Pebbles —

Dau. (Are you ſo skillful in Stones?)

Hau. And howſoever I may ſuffer in ſuch a Judg-

ment as yours, by admitting Equality of Rank or Society with *Centaure* or *Mavis* ——

Dau. You do not, Madam; I perceive they are your meer Foils.

Hau. Then are you a Friend to Truth, Sir: It makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward Man that I affect. They are not apprehenſive of an eminent Perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my Lady *Haughty?*

Hau. I come preſently, *Centaure.* My Chamber, Sir, my Page ſhall ſhew you; and *Truſty*, my Woman, ſhall be ever awake for you: You need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for ſhe is a *Fidelia.* I pray you wear this Jewel for my ſake, Sir *Dauphine.* Where's *Mavis, Centaure?*

Cen. Within, Madam, a writing. I'll follow you preſently: I'll but ſpeak a word with Sir *Dauphine.*

Dau. With me, Madam?

Cen. Good Sir *Dauphine*, do not truſt *Haughty*, nor make any Credit to her, what ever you do beſides. Sir *Dauphine*, I give you this Caution, ſhe is a perfect Courtier, and loves no body, but for her Uſes; and for her Uſes ſhe loves all. Beſides, her Phyſicians give her out to be none o' the cleareſt, whether ſhe pay 'em or no, Heaven knows; and ſhe's above Fifty too, and pargets! See her in a Forenoon. Here comes *Mavis*, a worſe Face than ſhe! You would not like this by Candle-light. If you'll come to my Chamber one o' theſe Mornings early, or late in an Evening, I'll tell you more. Where's *Haughty, Mavis?*

Mav. Within, *Centaure.*

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An *Italian* Riddle for Sir *Dauphine*, (you ſhall not ſee it i' faith, *Centaure.*) Good Sir *Dauphine*, ſolve it for me: I'll call for it anon.

Cle. How now, *Dauphine?* how doſt thou quit thy ſelf of theſe Females?

Dau.

Dau. 'Slight, they haunt me like Fairies, and giv me Jewels here; I cannot; I cannot be rid of 'em.

Cle. O, you muſt not tell tho'.

Dau. Maſs, I forgot that: I was never ſo aſſaulted. One loves for Vertue, and bribes me with this: Another loves me with Caution, and ſo would poſſeſs me: A third brings me a Riddle here: And all are jealous, and rail each at other.

Cle. A Riddle? Pray le' me ſee'ts.

[*He reads the Paper.*

Sir Dauphine, *I choſe this way of Intimation for privacy. The Ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpoſe to make a Collegiate and Servant of you. If I might be ſo honour'd, as to appear at any end of ſo noble a Work, I would enter into a fame of taking Phyſick to Morrow, and continue it four or five Days, or longer, for your Viſitation.* MAVIS.

By my faith, a ſubtle one! Call you this a Riddle? What's their Plain-dealing, trow?

Dau. We lack *True-wit*, to tell us that.

Cle. We lack him for ſomewhat elſe too: His Knights *Reformadoes* are wound up as high and inſolent as ever they were.

Dau. You jeſt.

Cle. No Drukards, either with Wine or Vanity, ever confeſs'd ſuch Stories of themſelves. I would not give a Flies Leg in ballance againſt all the Women's Reputations here, if they could be but thought to ſpeak truth: And for the Bride, they have made their *Affidavit* againſt her directly——

Dau. What, they have lain with her?

Cle. Yes; and tell Times, and Circumſtances, with the Cauſe why, and they Place where. I had almoſt brought 'em to affirm, that they had done it this Day.

Dau. Not both of 'em?

Cle. Yes faith; with a ſooth or two or more I had effected it. They would ha' ſet it down under their Hands.

Dau.

Dau. Why, they will be our Sport, I ſee, ſtill whether we will or no.

SCENE III.

Tru-wit, Moroſe, Otter, Cutberd, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Tru. O are you here? Come, *Dauphine*; go call your Uncle preſently: I have fitted my Divine and my Canoniſt, dyed their Beards and all. The Knaves do not know themſelves, they are ſo exalted and alter'd. Preferment changes any Man. Thou ſhalt keep one Door, and I another, and then *Clerimont* in the midſt, that he may have no means of eſcape from their Cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the Woman (as I have given the Bride her Inſtructions) to break in upon him i' the *i'envoy*. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, Maſter Doctor, and Maſter Parſon, look to your Parts now, and diſcharge 'em bravely; you are well ſet forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confeſs it with ſtanding ſtill, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud, and eagerly; uſe vehement Action, and only remember your Terms, and you are ſafe. Let the Matter go where it will; you have many will do ſo. But at firſt, be very ſolemn and grave, like your Garments, tho' you loſe your ſelves after, and skip out like a brace of Jugglers on a Table. Here he comes: Set your Faces, and look ſupercilioufly, while I preſent you.

Mor. Are theſe the two Learned Men?

Tru. Yes, Sir; pleaſe you ſalute 'em?

Mor. Salute 'em? I had rather do any thing, than wear out Time ſo unfruitfully, Sir. I wonder how theſe common Forms, as *God ſave you*, and *You are welcome*, are come to be a Habit in our Lives! or, *I am glad to ſee you*! When I cannot ſee what the Profit can be of theſe Words, ſo long as it is no whit better with him, whoſe Affairs are ſad and grievous, that he hears this Salutation.

Tru.

Tru. 'Tis true, Sir; we'll go to the matter then. Gentlemen, Master Doctor, and Master Parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the Business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the State of the Question, I know. This is the Gentleman who expects your Resolution, and therefore when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, Master Doctor.

Cut. Please you, good Master Parson.

Ott. I would hear the Canon-law speak first.

Cut. It must give place to positive Divinity, Sir.

Mor. Nay, good Gentlemen, do not throw me into Circumstances. Let your Comforts arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my Peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your Disputations, or your Court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My Father, in my Education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the Carriage of my Life, and what not, embracing the one, and eschewing the other: In short, that I should endear my self to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another Nature to me. So that I come not to your publick Pleadings, or your Places of Noise; not that I neglect those things that make for the Dignity of the Common-wealth; but for the meer avoiding of Clamours, and Impertinencies of Orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the Cause of Noise, am I now a Suitor to you. You do not know in what a misery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of Evil! My very House turns round with the Tumult! I dwell in a Wind-mill! The perpetual Motion is here, and not at *Eltham*.

Tru. Well, good Master Doctor, will you break the Ice? Master Parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, tho' unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott.

Ott. 'Tis no Preſumption, *Domine* Doctor.

Mor. Yet again!

Cut. Your Queſtion is, For how many Cauſes a Man may have *Divortium legitimum*, a lawful Divorce. Firſt, you muſt underſtand the Nature of the word Divorce, *a divertendo*——

Mor. No excurſions upon Words, good Doctor; to the Queſtion briefly.

Cut. I anſwer then. The Canon Law affords Divorce but in few Caſes; and the Principal is in the common Caſe, the Adulterous Caſe: But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve Impediments (as we call 'em) all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we ſay in the Canon-Law; *not take away the Bond, but cauſe a Nullity therein.*

Mor. I underſtood you before: Good Sir, avoid your Impertinency of Tranſlation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more!

Tru. O, you muſt give the Learned Men leave, Sir, To your Impediments, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. The firſt is *impedimentum erroris.*

Ott. Of which there are ſeveral *Species.*

Cut. I, as *error perſonæ.*

Ott. If thou contract your ſelf to one Perſon, thinking her another.

Cut. Then *error fortunæ.*

Ott. If ſhe be a beggar, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then *error qualitatis.*

Ott. If ſhe prove ſtubborn or head-ſtrong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? Is that, Sir, a lawful Impediment? One at once, I pray you, Gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam*, but not *poſt copulam*, Sir.

Cut. Maſter Parſon ſays right. *Nec poſt nuptiarum benedictionem.* It doth indeed but *irrita reddere ſponſalia*,

lia, annul the Contract; after Marriage it is of no obſtancy.

Tru. Alas, Sir, what a Hope are we fall'n from by this time!

Cut. The next is *Conditio*: If thou thought her free-born, and ſhe prove a Bond-woman, there is Impediment of Eſtate and Condition.

Ott. I, but, Maſter Doctor, thoſe Servitudes are *ſublatæ* now, among us Chriſtians.

Cut. By your favour, Maſter Parſon ——

Ott. You ſhall give me leave, Maſter Doctor.

Mor. Nay, Gentlemen, quarrel not in that Queſtion; it concerns not my Caſe: Paſs to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum*: If either Party have made a Vow of Chaſtity. But that Practice, as Maſter Parſon ſaid of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to Diſcipline. The fourth is *cognatio*; if the Perſons be of Kin within the Degrees.

Ott. I: Do you know what the Degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir; they offer me no Comfort in the Queſtion, I am ſure.

Cut. But there is a Branch of this Impediment may, which is *cognatio ſpiritualis*: If you were her God-father, Sir, then the Marriage is inceſtuous.

Ott. That *Comment* is abſurd, and ſuperſtitious, Maſter Doctor: I cannot endure it. Are we not all Brothers and Siſters, and as much a Kin in that, as God-fathers and God-daughters.

Mor. O me! To end the Controverſie, I never was a God-father, I never was a God-father in my life, Sir. Paſs to the next.

Cut. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*; the known Caſe. The ſixth *cultûs diſparitas*, difference of Religion: Have you ever examin'd her, what Religion ſhe is of?

Mor. No, I would rather ſhe were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Ott. You may have it done for you, Sir.

Mor. By no means, good Sir; on to the reſt: Shall ever come to an end, think you?

Tru

Tru. Yes, he has done half, Sir. (On to the reſt.) Be patient, and expect, Sir.

Cut. The ſeventh is, *viz.* if it were upon compulſion or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine, too voluntary.

Cut. The eight is, *ordo*; if ever ſhe have taken Holy Orders.

Ott. That's ſuperſtitious too.

Mor. No Matter, Maſter Parſon; would ſhe would go into a Nunnery yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, Sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thruſt my ſelf too ſoon into theſe Fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honeſtas*; which is *inchoatæ quedam affinitas.*

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex ſponſalibus*; and is but *levis impedimentum.*

Mor. I feel no Air of Comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cut. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione.*

Ott. Which is no leſs *vera affinitas*, than the other, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio.*

Ott. You ſay right, venerable Doctor: And, *naſcitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ perſonæ efficiuntur una caro*——

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin.

Cut. I conceive you, Maſter Parſon: *Ita per fornicationem æque eſt verus pater, qui ſic generat* ——

Ott. Et vere filius qui ſic generatur ——

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cle. Now it grows warm.

Cut. The twelfth and laſt is, *ſi forte coire nequibis.*

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum graviſſimum*: It doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. If you have *manifeſtam frigiditatem*, you are well, Sir.

Tru. Why, there is Comfort come at length, Sir.

Confeſs your ſelf but a Man unable, and ſhe will ſu to be divorc'd firſt.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, & inſanabilis*; as *Paralyſis, Elephantiaſis*, or ſo ——

Dau. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, Gentlemen.

Ott. You ſay troth, Sir, and as it is in the *Canon*, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. I conceive you, Sir.

Cle. Before he ſpeaks.

Ott. That a *Boy, or Child, under Years, is not fit for Marriage, becauſe he cannot reddere debitum.* So your *omnipotentes* ——

Tru. Your *impotentes*, your whorſon Lobſter.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I ſhould ſay, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium.*

Tru. Matrimonium? We ſhall have moſt un-matrimonial *Latin* with you: *Matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Dau. You put 'em out, Man.

Cut. But then there will ariſe a Doubt, Maſter Parſon, in our Caſe, *poſt matrimonium*: that *frigiditate præditus* (do you conceive me, Sir.)

Ott. Very well, Sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro ſorore.*

Ott. Abſurd, abſurd, abſurd, and meerly *apoſtatical.*

Cut. You ſhall pardon me, Maſter Parſon, I can prove it.

Ott. You can prove a Will, Maſter Doctor, you can prove nothing elſe. Does not the Verſe of your own *Canon* ſay, *Hæc ſocianda vetant connubia, facta retractant* ——

Cut. I grant you; but how do they *retractare*, Maſter Parſon?

Mor. (O, this was it I feared.)

Ott. In æternum, Sir.

Cut. That's falſe in Divinity, by your favour.

Ott. 'Tis falſe in Humanity, to ſay ſo. Is he not *præſa-*

prorſus inutilis ad thorum? Can he *præſtare fidem datam?* I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalere?*

Ott. He cannot *convalere*, it is impoſſible.

Tru. Nay, good Sir, attend the Learned Men; they'll think you neglect 'em elſe.

Cut. Or, if he do *ſimulare* himſelf *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or ſo?

Ott. I ſay, he is *adulter manifeſtus* then.

Dau. (They diſpute it very learnedly i' faith.)

Ott. And *proſtitutor uxoris*; and this is poſitive.

Mor. Good Sir, let me eſcape.

Tru. You will not do me that wrong, Sir.

Ott. And therefore if he be *manifeſtè frigidus*, Sir.

Cut. I, if he be *manifeſtè frigidus*, I grant you ——

Ott. Why, that was my Concluſion.

Cut. And mine too.

Tru. Nay, hear the Conluſion, Sir,

Ott. Then *frigiditatis cauſa* ——

Cut. Yes, *cauſa frigiditatis* ——

Mor. O, mine Ears!

Ott. She may have *libellum divortii* againſt you.

Cut. I, *divortii libellum* ſhe will ſure have.

Mor. Good *Echo's*, forbear.

Ott. If you confeſs it.

Cut. Which I would do, Sir ——

Mor. I will do any thing ——

Ott. And clear my ſelf in *foro conſcientiæ* ——

Cut. Becauſe you want indeed ——

Mor. Yet more?

Ott. *Exercendi poteſtate.*

SCENE IV.

Epicœne, Moroſe, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, *Daw, True-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole, Otter, Cutberd.*

Epi. I will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beſeech you help me. This is ſuch a Wrong as never was offered to a poor Bride before: upon her Marriage day to have her Husband conſpire againſt her, and a couple of mercenary Companions to be brought in for Forms ſake, to perſwade a Separation! If you had Blood or Vertue in you, Gentlemen, you would not ſuffer ſuch Earwigs about a Husband, or Scorpions to creep between Man and Wife —

Mor. O the Variety and Changes of my Torment!

Hau Let 'em be cudgell'd out of Doors by our Grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my Footman.

Mav. We'll have our Men Blanket them i' the Hall.

Mrs. *Ott.* As there was one at our Houſe, Madam, for peeping in at the Door.

Daw. Content, i' faith.

Tru. Stay, Ladies and Gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'll have the Bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him firſt.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O, Mankind Generation!

Dau. Ladies, for my ſake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir *Dauphine*'s ſake.

Cen. He ſhall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a Gentleman of his Inches, Madam, as any is about the Town, and wears good Colours when he liſts.

Tru.

Tru. Be brief Sir, and confeſs your Infirmity; ſhe'll be a fire to be quit of you, if ſhe but hear that nam'd once, you ſhall not entreat her to ſtay; ſhe'll fly you like one that had the Marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I muſt crave all your Pardons ——

Tru. Silence, Ladies.

Mor. For a Wrong I have done to your whole Sex, in marrying this fair and vertuous Gentlewomon ——

Cle. Hear him, good Ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an Infirmity, which before I conferr'd with theſe Learned Men, I thought I might have conceal'd ———

Tru. But now being better informed in his Conſcience by them, he is to declare it, and give Satisfaction, by asking your publick Forgiveneſs.

Mor. I am no Man, Ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unabled in Nature, by reaſon of *frigidity*, to perform the Duties, or any the leaſt Office, of a Husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious Creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young Gentlewoman?

Mrs. *Ott.* A Lady of her Longings?

Epi. Tut, a Device, a Device, this; it ſmells rankly, Ladies. A meer Comment of his own.

Tru. Why if you ſuſpect that, Ladies, you may have him ſearch'd.

Daw. As the Cuſtom is, by a Jury of Phyſicians.

La-F. Yes faith, 'twill be brave.

Mor. O me, muſt I undergo that?

Mrs. *Ott.* No, let Women ſearch him, Madam; we can do it our ſelves.

Mor. Out on me, worſe!

Epi. No, Ladies, you ſhall not need, I'll take him with all his Faults.

Mor. Worſt of all!

Cle. Why, then, 'tis no Divorce, Doctor, if she consent not?

Cut. No, if the Man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divortii*, in the Law.

Ott. I, it is the same in *Theology*.

Mor. Worse, worse than worst!

Tru. Nay, Sir, be not utterly disheartned; we have yet a small Relick of Hope left, as near as our Comfort is blown out. *Clerimont*, produce your Brace of Knights. What was that, Master Parson, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'en now? *Dauphine*, whisper the Bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty and asham'd.

Ott. Marry, Sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which Master Doctor did forbear to urge) if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espous'd for a Maid ——

Mor. What then, Sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this be true, we are happy again, Sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of Knights that shall affirm so much.

Daw. Pardon us, good Master *Clerimont*.

La-F. You shall excuse us, Mr. *Clerimont*.

Cle. Nay, you must make it good now, Knights; there is no Remedy: I'll eat no words for you, nor no Men: You know you spoke it to me?

Daw. Is this Gentleman-like, Sir?

Tru. *Jack Daw*, he's worse than Sir *Amorous*; fiercer a great deal. Sir *Amorous*, beware, there be ten *Daws* in this *Clerimont*.

La F. I'll confess it, Sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir *Amorous?* Will you wound Reputation?

La-F. I am resolv'd.

Tru. So should you be too, *Jack Daw*: What should keep

keep you off? She is but a Woman, and in disgrace. He'll be glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cle. You will dispatch, Knights; it must be done i'faith.

Tru. Why, an' it must, it shall, Sir, they say. They'll ne'er go back. Do not tempt his Patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, Sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, Sir.

Mor. What is true, Gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw That we have known your Bride, Sir.

La-F. In good fashion. She was our Mistris, or so.

Cle. Nay, you must be plain, Knights, as you were to me.

Ott. I, the Question is, if you have *Carnaliter*, or no?

La-F. Carnaliter. What else, Sir?

Ott. It is enough; a plain *Nullity*.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O, let me worship and adore you, Gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these Knights. Master Parson, let me thank you otherwise.

Cen. And ha' they confess'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, Informers!

Tru. You see what Creatures you may bestow your Favours on, Madams.

Hau. I would except against 'em as beaten Knights, Wench, and not good Witnesses in Law.

Mrs. *Ott.* Poor Gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, *Morose*, I love you the better for't.

Cen. So do I, I protest.

Cut. But Gentlemen, you have not known her since *Matrimonium?*

Daw. Not to Day, Master Doctor.

La-F. No, Sir, not to Day.

Cut. Why, then, I say, For any Act before, the *Matrimonium* is good and perfect; unless the Worshipful

ſhipful Bridegroom did preciſely, before Witneſs, demand, if ſhe were *Virgo ante nuptias.*

Epi. No, that he did not, I aſſure you, Maſter Doctor.

Cut. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithſtanding the Premiſſes; and they do no way *impedire.* And this is my Sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of Maſter Doctor's Reſolution too, Sir; if you made not that Demand *ante nuptias.*

Mor. O my Heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? This is worſt of all worſt worſts that Hell could have devis'd! marry a Whore! and ſo much noiſe!

Dau. Come, I ſee now plain Confederacy in this Doctor and this Parſon, to abuſe a Gentleman. You ſtudy his Affliction. I pray be gone, Companions. And Gentlemen, I begin to ſuſpect you, for having parts with 'em. Sir, will it pleaſe you hear me?

Mor. O, do not talk to me; take not from me the pleaſure of dying in ſilence, Nephew.

Dau. Sir, I muſt ſpeak to you. I have been long your poor deſpis'd Kinſman, and many a hard Thought has ſtrengthned you againſt me; but now it ſhall appear if either I love you or your Peace, and prefer them to all the World beſide. I will not be long or grievous to you, Sir. If I free you of this unhappy Match abſolutely, and inſtantly, after all this trouble, and almoſt in your deſpair, now ——

Mor. (It cannot be)

Dau. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what ſhall I hope for, or deſerve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, Nephew! Thou ſhalt deſerve me, and have me.

Dau. Shall I have your Favour perfect to me, and Love hereafter?

Mor. That, and any Thing beſide. Make thine own Conditions. My whole Eſtate is thine; manage it, I will become thy Ward.

Dau. Nay, Sir, I will not be ſo unreaſonable.

Epi.

Epi. Will Sir *Dauphine* be mine Enemy too?

Dau. You know I have been long a Suitor to you, Uncle, that out of your Eſtate, which is Fifteen Hundred a Year, you would allow me but Five Hundred during Life, and aſſure the reſt upon me after; to which I have often, by my ſelf and my Friends, tendred you a Writing to ſign, which you would never conſent or incline to. If you pleaſe but to effect it now——

Mor. Thou ſhalt have it, Nephew: I will do it, and more.

Dau. If I quit you not preſently, and for ever of this Cumber, you ſhall have Power inſtantly, afore all theſe, to revoke your Act, and I will become whoſe Slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the Writing? I will Seal to it, that, or to a Blank, and write thine own Conditions.

Epi. O me, moſt unfortunate wretched Gentlewoman!

Hau. Will Sir *Dauphine* do this?

Epi. Good Sir, have ſome Compaſſion on me.

Mor. O, my Nephew knows you be like; away, *Crocodile.*

Cen. He does it not ſure without good Ground.

Dau. Here, Sir.

Mor. Come, Nephew, give me the Pen; I will ſubſcribe to any thing, and ſeal to what thou wilt, for my Deliverance. Thou art my Reſtorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my Deed. If there be a Word in it lacking, or writ with falſe Orthography, I proteſt before——I will not take the *Advantage.*

Dau. Then here is your Releaſe, Sir, you have married a Boy, a Gentleman's Son, that I have brought up this half Year, at my great Charges, and for this Compoſition, which I have now made with you. What ſay you, Maſter Doctor? This is *juſtum Impedimentum*, I hope, *error perſonæ.* *He takes off* Epicœne's *Perruke.*

Ott. Yes, Sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut.

Cut. In primo gradu.

Dau. I thank you, good Doctor *Cutberd*, and Parſon *Otter*. You are beholden to 'em, Sir, that have taken this pains for you; and my Friend Maſter *True-wit*, who enabled them for the Buſineſs. Now you may go in and reſt, be as private as you will, Sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your Funeral, which I care not how ſoon it come. *Cutberd*, I'll make your Leaſe good. Thank me not, but with your Leg, *Cutberd*. And *Tom Otter*, your Princeſs ſhall be reconcil'd to you. How now, Gentlemen! do you look at me?

He pulls off their Beards in Diſguiſe.

Cle. A Boy!

Dau. Yes, Miſtris *Epicœne*.

Tru. Well, *Dauphine*, you have lurch'd your Friends of the better half of the Garland, by concealing this part of the Plot: But much good do it thee, thou deſerv'ſt it, Lad. And *Clerimont*, for thy unexpected bringing theſe two to Confeſſion, wear my Part of it freely. Nay, Sir *Daw*, and Sir *La-Foole*, you ſee the Gentlewoman that has done you the Favours! We are all thankful to you, and ſo ſhould the Woman-kind here, ſpecially for lying on her, tho' not with her! You meant ſo, I am ſure. But that we have ſtuck it upon you to day, in your own imagin'd Perſons, and ſo lately, this *Amazon*, the Champion of the Sex, ſhould beat you now thriftily, for the common Slanders which Ladies receive from ſuch Cuckows as you are. You are they, that when no merit or fortune can make you hope to enjoy their Bodies, will yet lie with their Reputations, and make their Fame ſuffer. Away, you common Moths of theſe, and all Ladies Honours. Go, travel to make Legs and Faces, and come home with ſome new Matter to be laught at; you deſerve to live in an Air as corrupted as that wherewith you feed Rumour. Madams, you are mute, upon this new *Metamorphoſis*! But here ſtands ſhe that has vindicated your Fames. Take heed of ſuch *inſectæ* hereafter. And let it not

trouble

trouble you, that you have discovered any Mysteries to this young Gentleman: He is (a' most) of Years, and will make a good Visitant within this Twelvemonth. In the mean time, we'll all undertake for his Secrecy, that can speak so well of his Silence. Spectators, if you like this *Comedy*, rise chearfully, and now *Morose* is gone in, clap your Hands. It may be, that Noise will cure him, at least please him.

THE END.